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BIRDS AND FLOWERS

ILLUSTRATED BY



G. G. GOMELLI

AND OTHER COUNTRY THINGS  
BY  
MARY HOWITT

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ffr. out of olde felles ab men feith  
Cometh al this nerve coun fro yeer to yeer  
And out of olde bakes in good feith  
Cometh al this nerve science that men lere

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BIRDS AND FLOWERS.





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BIRDS AND FLOWERS





Nelsons' Series of Juvenile Art-Books.

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# BIRDS AND FLOWERS;

OR,

LAYS AND LYRICS OF RURAL LIFE.

WRITTEN BY

Mary Howitt,

AND ILLUSTRATED WITH UPWARDS OF ONE HUNDRED DRAWINGS BY

H. GIACOMELLI,

ILLUSTRATOR OF "THE BIRD" BY MICHELET.



LONDON:

T. NELSON AND SONS, PATERNOSTER ROW;  
EDINBURGH; AND NEW YORK.

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1873.

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## PUBLISHERS' NOTE.

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IT is with cordial satisfaction we submit to the Public the present volume, characterized as it is by a singularly felicitous combination of talent—namely, that of a deservedly popular English Authoress, whose admirable contributions to English literature will not readily be forgotten; and that of a distinguished French Artist, whose designs in “The Bird” by Michelet, and “Nature” by Madame Michelet, have attracted the favourable attention of our best Art-critics by their power, delicacy, and truthfulness.

It was at our special request that M. Giacomelli kindly undertook the task of illustrating the following pages; and we think the reader will own that he has executed it with the greatest success. If we are not mistaken, he has interpreted the graceful poetry of Mary Howitt with kindred grace. Such being the case, we presume to expect for the present volume,—one of a series of Juvenile Art-Books we are engaged in preparing,—a very considerable measure of popularity; and we confidently believe that this new edition of “Birds and Flowers” will make the honoured name of MARY HOWITT still more widely known as that of one of our most agreeable English writers, and M. GIACOMELLI's as that of one of the most eminent artists of modern France.

His drawings, it is right to add, have been rendered with scrupulous care and faithfulness by the best English and French engravers ; in the main, by those who executed the illustrations of "Nature" and "The Bird."

T. NELSON AND SONS.

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### NOTE BY THE AUTHOR.

MY kind Publishers, in their preliminary Note to the present edition of this work, have expressed themselves in such obliging terms in relation to it, that I feel some diffidence in complying with their desire that I would myself add a few words before finally dismissing it from the press.

I may, however, avail myself of this opportunity of acknowledging the gratification I feel in seeing my book brought out in so beautiful a manner, and illustrated and embellished by M. Giacomelli, an artist who has studied Nature so carefully, and who possesses so peculiar a power of delineating her works, not only with rare fidelity, but, at the same time, both gracefully and poetically.

All honour has thus been done to these simple verses, which, in themselves, can but claim to be as the wild-flowers by the wayside, or the songs of the birds in the bushes ; and very great pleasure does it afford me to see it permitted thus to enjoy, as it were, a second spring-time.

MARY HOWITT.

ROME, *November 1, 1872.*

\*.\* "Sketches of Natural History," in Verse, by the same Author, and illustrated by the same Artist, forming the second volume of our Series of Juvenile Art-Books, is now ready.

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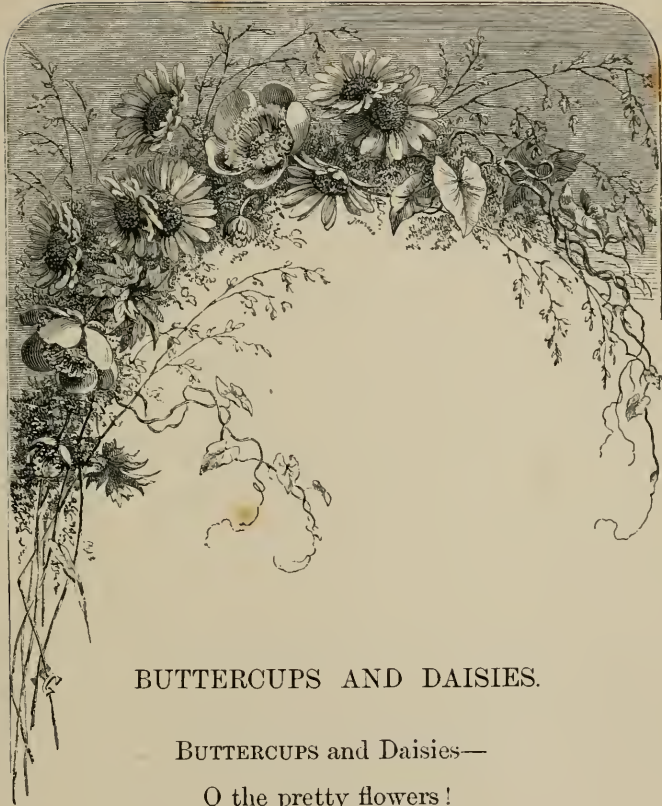
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TAIL-PIECES ENGRAVED BY G. A. MORISON.





## BUTTERCUPS AND DAISIES.

BUTTERCUPS and Daisies—

O the pretty flowers !

Coming ere the spring-time,

To tell of sunny hours.

While the trees are leafless ;

While the fields are bare,

Buttercups and Daisies

Spring up here and there.

Ere the snow-drop peepeth ;  
    Ere the crocus bold ;  
Ere the early primrose  
    Opes its paly gold,  
Somewhere on a sunny bank  
    Buttercups are bright ;  
Somewhere 'mong the frozen grass  
    Peeps the Daisy white.

Little hardy flowers,  
    Like to children poor  
Playing in their sturdy health  
    By their mother's door :  
Purple with the north wind,  
    Yet alert and bold ;  
Fearing not and caring not,  
    Though they be a-cold !

What to them is weather !  
    What are stormy showers !  
Buttercups and Daisies  
    Are these human flowers !  
He who gave them hardship  
    And a life of care,

Gave them likewise hardy strength,  
And patient hearts to bear.

Welcome, yellow Buttercups !

Welcome, Daisies white !

Ye are in my spirit

Visioned, a delight !

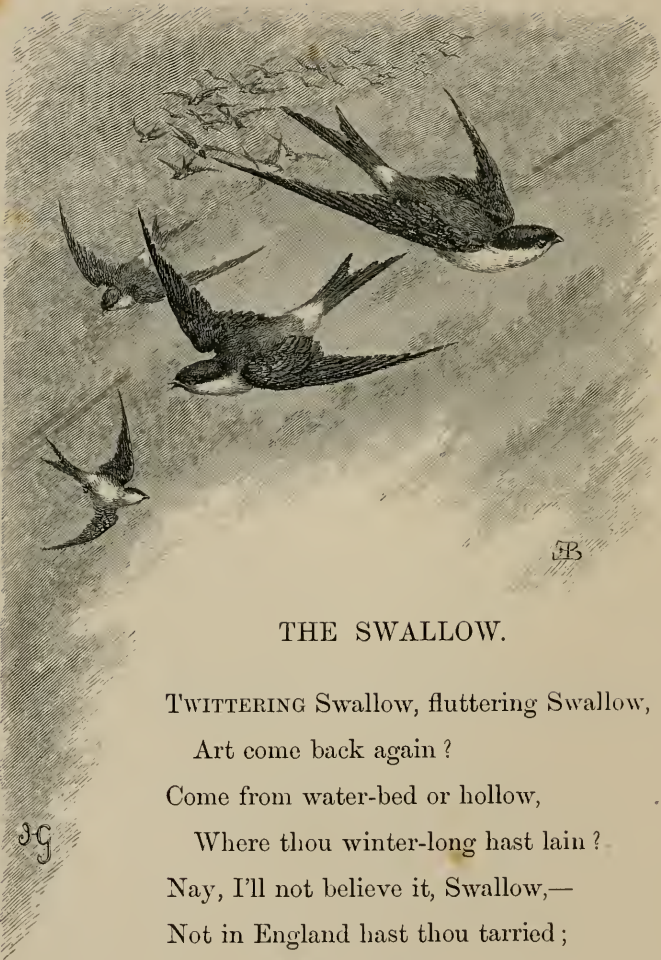
Coming ere the spring-time,

Of sunny hours to tell—

Speaking to our hearts of Him

Who doeth all things well.





### THE SWALLOW.

TWITTERING Swallow, fluttering Swallow,  
Art come back again ?

Come from water-bed or hollow,

Where thou winter-long hast lain ?

Nay, I'll not believe it, Swallow,—

Not in England hast thou tarried ;

Many a day,

Far away,

Has thy wing been wearied,



Over continent and isle,  
Many and many and many a mile !  
Tell me, prithee, bird, the story  
Of thy six months migratory !

If thou wert a human traveller,  
We a quarto book should see ;  
Thou wouldst be the sage unraveller  
Of some dark, old mystery ;  
Thou wouldst tell the wise men, Swallow,  
Of the rivers' hidden fountains ;  
Plain and glen,  
And savage men,  
And Affghans of the mountains ;  
Creatures, plants, and men unknown,  
And cities in the deserts lone :  
Thou wouldst be, thou far-land dweller,  
Like an Arab story-teller !

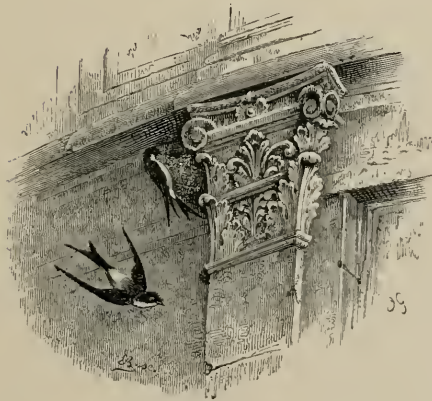
Was it in a temple, Swallow ;  
In some Moorish minaret ;  
In some cavern's gloomy hollow,  
Where the lion and serpent met,  
That thy nest was builded, Swallow ?

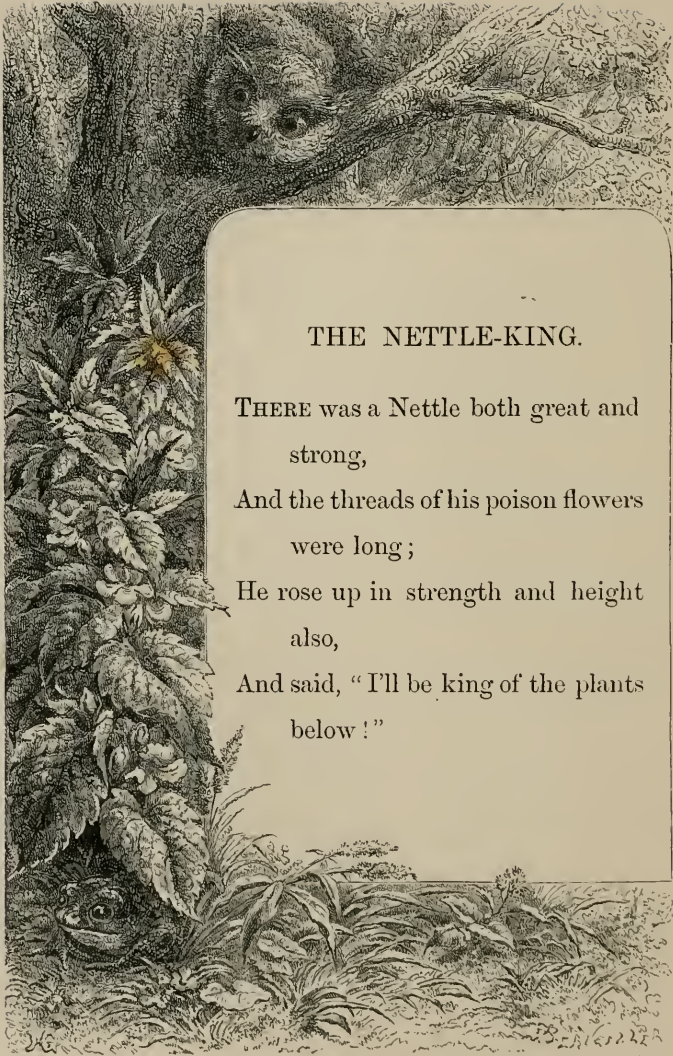
Did the Negro people meet thee  
    With a word  
    Of welcome, bird,  
Kind as that with which *we* greet thee ?  
Prithee tell me how and where  
Thou wast guided through the air ;  
Prithee cease thy building-labour,  
And tell o'er thy travels, neighbour !



Thou hast been among the Kaffirs ;  
    Seen the Bushman's stealthy arm ;  
Thou hast heard the lowing heifers  
    On some good Herrnhuter's farm ;

Seen the gold-dust-finder, Swallow,  
Heard the lion-hunter's Holla !  
    Peace and strife,  
    And much of life,  
Hast thou witnessed, wandering Swallow.  
Tell but this,—we'll leave the rest,—  
Which is wisest, which is best ;  
Tell which happiest, if thou can,  
Hottentot or Englishman ?—  
Nought for answer can we get,  
Save Twitter, twitter, twitter, twet !





### THE NETTLE-KING.

THERE was a Nettle both great and  
strong,  
And the threads of his poison flowers  
were long ;  
He rose up in strength and height  
also,  
And said, "I'll be king of the plants  
below !"

It was in a wood both drear and dank,  
Where grew the Nettle so broad and rank ;  
And an owl sat up in an old ash-tree  
That was wasting away so silently ;  
And a raven was perched above his head,  
And both of them heard what the Nettle-king said ;



And there was a toad that sat below,  
Chewing his venom sedate and slow,  
And he heard the words of the Nettle also.

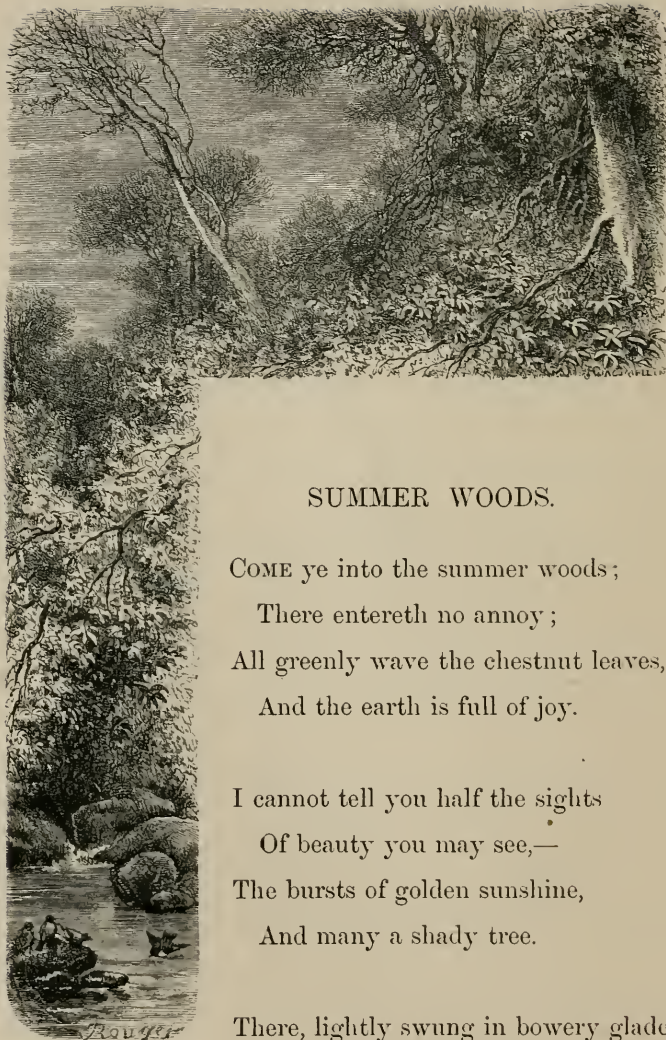
The Nettle he throve, and the Nettle he grew,  
And the strength of the earth around him drew :

There was a pale stellaria meek,  
But as he grew strong, so she grew weak ;  
There was a campion, crimson-eyed,  
But as he grew up, the campion died ;  
And the blue veronica, shut from light,  
Faded away in a sickly white ;  
For upon his leaves a dew was hung,  
That fell like a blight from a serpent's tongue,—  
Nor was there a flower about the spot,  
Herb-robert, harebell, or forget-me-not.  
Yet up grew the Nettle like water-sedge,  
Higher and higher above the hedge ;  
The stuff of his leaves was strong and stout,  
And the points of his stinging flowers stood out ;  
And the child that went in the wood to play,  
From the great King - nettle would shrink  
    away !

“ Now,” says the Nettle, “ there's none like me !  
I am as great as a plant can be !  
I have crushed each weak and tender root,  
With the mighty force of my kingly foot ;  
I have spread out my arms so strong and wide,  
And opened my way on every side ;

I have drawn from the earth its virtues fine,  
To strengthen for me each poison-spine :  
Both morn and night my leaves I've spread,  
And upon the falling dews have fed,  
Till I am as large as a forest-tree ;  
The great wide world is the place for me !”  
Said the Nettle-king in his bravery.

Just then came up a woodman stout,—  
In the thick of the wood he was peering about ;  
The Nettle looked up, the Nettle looked down,  
And graciously smiled on the simple clown :  
“Thou knowest me well, Sir Clown,” said he,  
“And 'tis meet that thou reverence one like me !”  
Nothing at all the man replied,  
But he lifted a scythe that was at his side,  
And he cut the Nettle up by the root,  
And trampled it under his heavy foot ;  
He saw where the toad in its shadow lay,  
But he said not a word, and went his way.



### SUMMER WOODS.

COME ye into the summer woods ;

There entereth no annoy ;

All greenly wave the chestnut leaves,

And the earth is full of joy.

I cannot tell you half the sights

Of beauty you may see,—

The bursts of golden sunshine,

And many a shady tree.

There, lightly swung in bowery glades,

The honeysuckles twine ;



There blooms the rose-red campion,  
And the dark blue columbine.

There grows the four-leaved plant, "true  
love,"

In some dusk woodland spot ;  
There grows the enchanter's night-shade,  
And the wood forget-me-not.

And many a merry bird is there,  
Unscared by lawless men :  
The blue-winged jay, the woodpecker,  
And the golden-crested wren.

Come down, and ye shall see them all,  
The timid and the bold ;  
For their sweet life of pleasantness,  
It is not to be told.

And far within that summer wood,  
Among the leaves so green,  
There flows a little gurgling brook,  
The brightest e'er was seen.



There come the little gentle birds,  
Without a fear of ill,  
Down to the murmuring water's edge  
And freely drink their fill !

And dash about and splash about—  
The merry little things ;  
And look askance with bright black eyes,  
And flirt their dripping wings.



I've seen the freakish squirrels drop  
Down from their leafy tree,  
The little squirrels with the old,—  
Great joy it was to me !

And down unto the running brook,  
I've seen them nimbly go ;  
And the bright water seemed to speak  
A welcome kind and low.

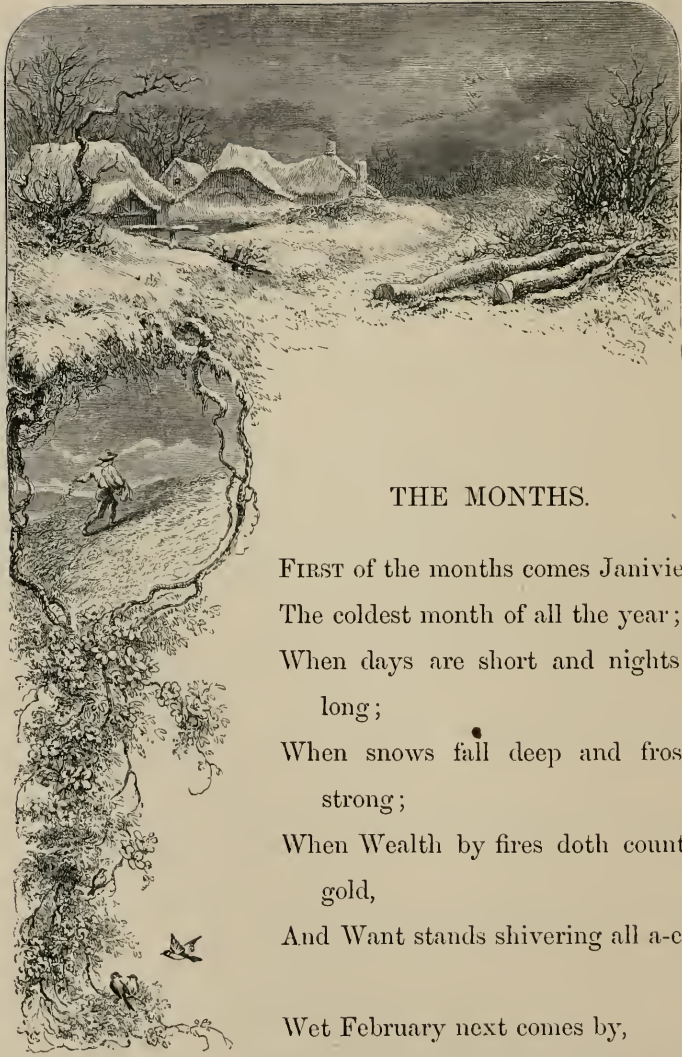
The nodding plants they bowed their heads,  
As if, in heartsome cheer,  
They spake unto those little things,  
" 'Tis merry living here ! "

Oh, how my heart ran o'er with joy !  
I saw that all was good,  
And that we might glean up delight  
All round us, if we would !

And many a wood-mouse dwelleth there,  
Beneath the old wood shade,  
And all day long has work to do,  
Nor is of aught afraid.

The green shoots grow above their heads,  
And roots so fresh and fine  
Beneath their feet ; nor is there strife  
'Mong them for *mine and thine*.

There is enough for every one,  
And they lovingly agree ;  
We might learn a lesson, all of us,  
Beneath the greenwood tree !



## THE MONTHS.

FIRST of the months comes Janivier,  
The coldest month of all the year ;  
When days are short and nights are  
    long ;  
When snows fall deep and frost is  
    strong ;  
When Wealth by fires doth count his  
    gold,  
And Want stands shivering all a-cold.

Wet February next comes by,  
With chill damp earth and dripping sky ;

But, heart, cheer up; the days speed on;  
Winds blow, suns shine, and thaws are gone;  
And in the garden may be seen  
Upspringing flowers and buddings green.

March—ha! he comes like March of old,  
A blustering, cordial friend and bold:  
He calls the peasant to his toil,  
And trims with him the wholesome soil.  
Flocks multiply, the seed is sown,  
Its increase is of Heaven alone!

Next, April comes with shine and showers,  
Green mantling leaves and opening flowers,  
Loud singing birds, low humming bees,  
And the white-blossomed orchard trees;  
And that which busy March did sow  
Begins in April's warmth to grow.

The winter now is gone and past,  
And flowery May advances fast;  
Birds sing, rains fall, and sunshine glows,  
Till the rich earth with joy o'erflows!

O Lord, who hast so crowned the spring,  
We bless Thee for each gracious thing !

Come on, come on ! 'tis summer-time,  
The golden year is in its prime !  
June speeds along 'midst flowers and dews,  
Rainbows, clear skies, and sunset hues ;  
And hark the cuckoo ! and the blithe  
Low ringing of the early scythe !

The year is full ! 'tis bright July,  
And God in thunder passeth by !  
Far in the fields till close of day  
The peasant people make the hay ;  
And darker grows the forest bough,  
And singing birds are silent now.

Next, August comes ! Now look around,  
The harvest-fields are golden-crowned ;  
And sturdy reapers bending, go,  
With scythe or sickle, all a-row ;  
And gleaners with their burdens boon  
Come home beneath the harvest-moon.

September, rich in corn and wine,  
Of the twelve months completeth nine.  
Now apples rosy grow, and seed  
Ripens in tree and flower and weed ;  
Now the green acorn groweth brown,  
And ruddy nuts come showering down.

The summer-time is ended now,  
And autumn tinteth every bough ;  
The days are bright, the air is still,  
October's mists are on the hill ;  
Down droops the fern, and fades the heather,  
And thistle-down floats like a feather.

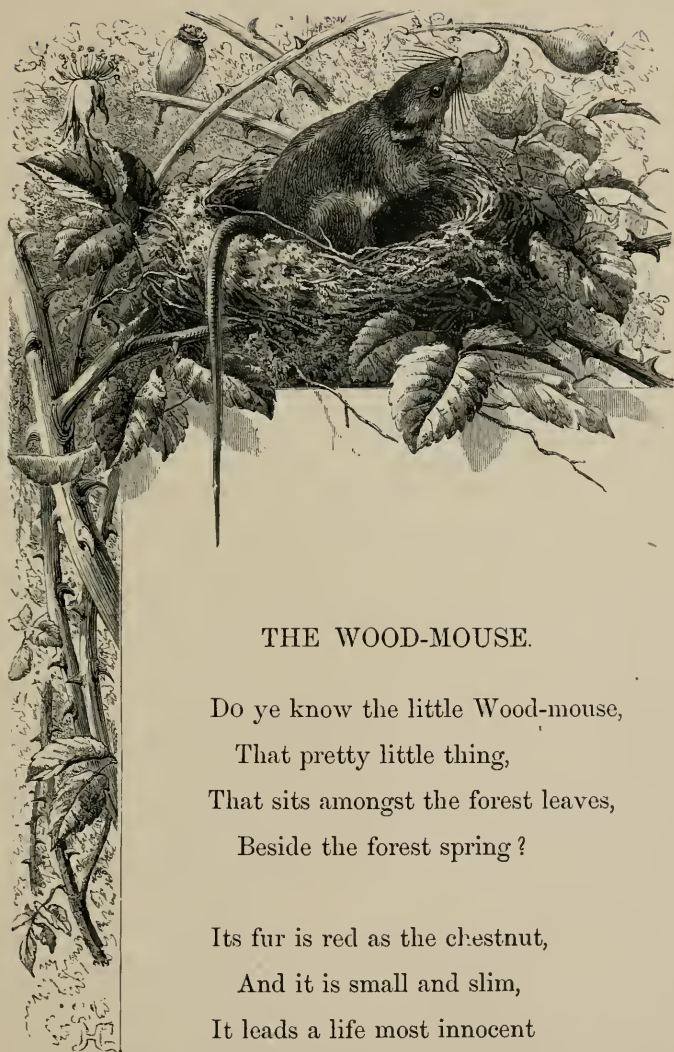
Dark on the earth November lies ;  
Cloud, fog, and storm o'ergloom the skies ;  
The matted leaves lie 'neath our tread,  
And hollow winds wail overhead ;  
Pile up the hearth,—its heartsome blaze  
Cheers, like a sun, the darkest days !

The year it groweth old apace :  
Eleven months have run their race,

And dull December brings to earth  
That time which gave our Saviour birth.  
The year is done!—Let all revere  
The great, good Father of the year!







### THE WOOD-MOUSE.

Do ye know the little Wood-mouse,  
That pretty little thing,  
That sits amongst the forest leaves,  
Beside the forest spring ?

Its fur is red as the chestnut,  
And it is small and slim,  
It leads a life most innocent  
Within the forest dim.

'Tis a timid, gentle creature,  
And seldom comes in sight ;  
It has a long and wiry tail,  
And eyes both black and bright.

It makes its nest of soft, dry moss,  
In a hole so deep and strong ;  
And there it sleeps secure and warm,  
The dreary winter long.

And though it keeps no calendar,  
It knows when flowers are springing ;  
And waketh to its summer life  
When nightingales are singing.

Upon the boughs the squirrel sits,  
The Wood-mouse plays below ;  
And plenty of food it finds itself  
Where the beech and chestnut grow.

In the hedge-sparrow's nest it sits,  
When the summer brood is fled,  
And picks the berries from the bough  
Of the hawthorn overhead.

I saw a little Wood-mouse once,  
Like Oberon in his hall,  
With the green, green moss beneath his feet,  
Sit under a mushroom tall.



I saw him sit and his dinner eat,  
All under the forest tree—  
His dinner of chestnut ripe and red,  
And he ate it heartily.

I wish you could have seen him there :  
It did my spirit good,  
To see the small thing God had made  
Thus eating in the wood.

I saw that He regardeth them,  
Those creatures weak and small ;  
Their table in the wild is spread  
By Him who cares for all !



THE MILL-STREAM.

LONG trails of cistus-flowers  
Creep on the rocky hill ;  
And beds of strong spear-mint  
Grow round about the mill ;  
And from a mountain tarn above,  
As peaceful as a dream,  
Like to child unruly,  
Though schooled and counselled truly,  
Foams down the wild Mill-stream !



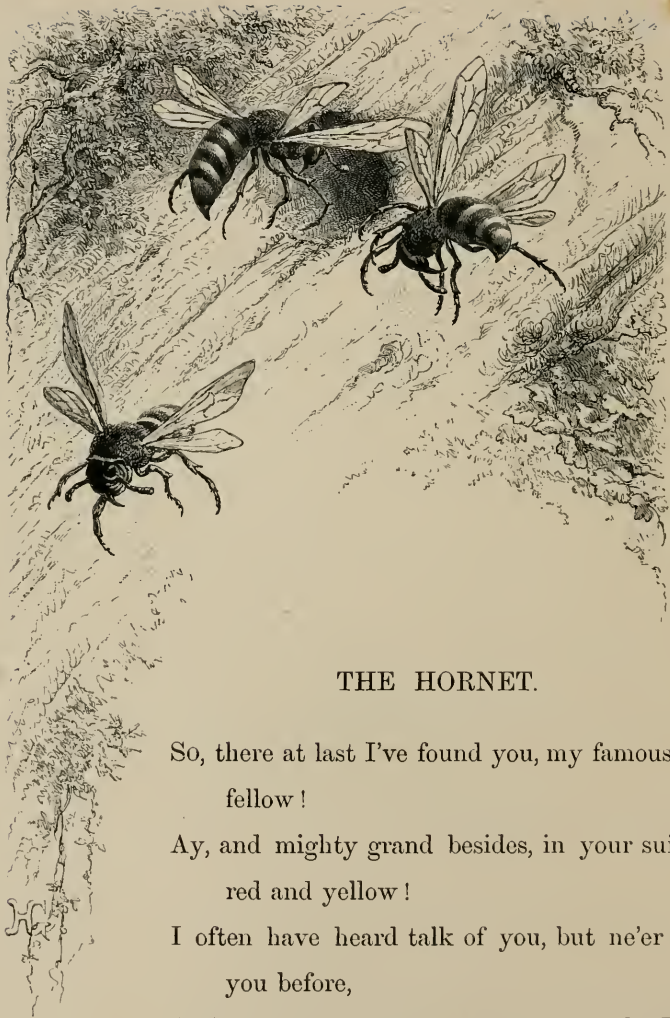
The wild Mill-stream it leapeth  
In merriment away,  
And keeps the miller and his son  
Right busy all the day !

Into the mad Mill-stream  
The mountain-roses fall ;  
And fern and adder's-tongue  
Grow on the old mill wall.  
The tarn is on the upland moor,  
Where not a leaf doth grow ;  
And through the mountain-gashes  
The merry Mill-stream dashes  
Down to the sea below.  
But, in the quiet hollows,  
The red trout groweth prime,  
And the miller and the miller's son  
They angle when they've time.

Then fair befall the stream  
That turns the mountain-mill ;  
And fair befall the narrow road  
That windeth up the hill !

And good luck to the countryman,  
And to his old gray mare,  
That upward toileth steadily,  
With meal-sacks laden heavily,  
In storm as well as fair !  
And good luck to the miller,  
And to the miller's son ;  
And ever may the mill-wheel turn  
While mountain-waters run !





### THE HORNET.

So, there at last I've found you, my famous old  
fellow!

Ay, and mighty grand besides, in your suit of  
red and yellow!

I often have heard talk of you, but ne'er saw  
you before,

And there you're standing sentinel at the Hor-  
net-castle door!



Well, what a size you are ! just like a great wasp-king !  
 What a solemn buzz you make, now you're upon the wing !  
 I'm sure I do not wonder that people fear your sting !  
 So ! so !—Don't be so angry ! Why do you come at me  
 With a swoop and with a hum,—is't a crime to look at ye ?  
 See where the testy fellow goes whiz into the hole,  
 And brings out from the hollow tree his fellows in a shoal.  
 Hark ! what an awful, hollow boom ! How fierce they come !

I'd rather

Just quietly step back, and stand from them a little further.  
 There, now, the Hornet-host is retreating to its den,  
 And so, good Mr. Sentinel—lo ! here I am again !  
 Well ! how the little angry wretch doth stamp and raise his  
 head,  
 And flirt his wings, and seem to say, "Come here—I'll sting  
 you dead !"  
 No, thank you, fierce Sir Hornet,—that's not at all inviting :—  
 But what a pair of shears the fellow has for biting !  
 What a pair of monstrous shears to carry at his head !  
 If wasp or fly come in their gripe, that moment he is dead !  
 There ! bite in two the whip-lash, as we poke it at your chin !  
 See, how he bites ! but it is tough, and again he hurries in.  
 Ho ! ho ! we soon shall have the whole vindictive race,  
 With a hurry and a scurry, all flying in our face.

To potter in a Hornet's nest, is a proverb old and good,  
So it's just as well to take the hint, and retreat into the  
wood.

Now here behind this hazel-bush we safely may look out,  
And see what all the colony of Hornets is about.  
Why, what a furious troop it is, how fierce they seem to be,  
As they fly now in the sunshine, now in shadow of the  
tree!

And yet they're noble insects! their bodies red and yellow,  
And large almost as little birds, how richly toned and  
mellow.

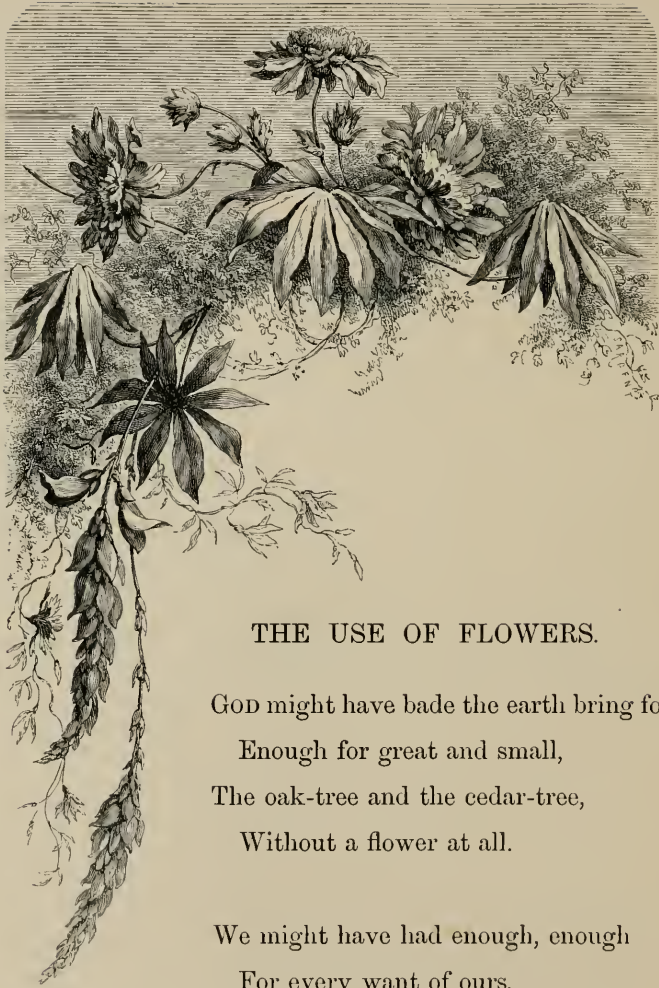
And these old woods, so full of trees, all hollow and decayed,  
Must be a perfect paradise, for the Hornet legions made.  
Secure from village lads, and from gardeners' watchful eyes,  
They may build their paper-nests, and issue for supplies  
To orchards or to gardens, for plum, and peach, and pear,—  
With wasp, fly, ant, and earwig, they'll have a giant's share.  
And you, stout Mr. Sentinel, there standing at the door,  
Though Homer said in his time, "The Hornet's soul all  
o'er,"—

You're not so *very* spiritual, but soon some sunny morning  
I may find you in a green-gage, and give you little warning;  
Or feeding in a Windsor pear; or at the juicy stalk  
Of my negro-boy, grand dahlia,—too heavy much to walk;

Ay, very much too heavy,—that juicy stem deceives,—  
“Makes faint with too much sweet such heavy-wingèd thieves.”  
Too heavy much to walk,—then, pray, how can you fly?  
No, there you’ll drop upon the ground, and there you’re doomed  
to die!

W. H.





### THE USE OF FLOWERS.

GOD might have bade the earth bring forth  
Enough for great and small,  
The oak-tree and the cedar-tree,  
Without a flower at all.

We might have had enough, enough  
For every want of ours,  
For luxury, medicine, and for toil,  
And yet have had no flowers.

The ore within the mountain mine  
Requireth none to grow ;  
Nor doth it need the lotus-flower  
To make the river flow.

The clouds might give abundant rain ;  
The nightly dews might fall,  
And the herb that keepeth life in man  
Might yet have drank them all.

Then wherefore, wherefore were they made,  
All dyed with rainbow light,  
All fashioned with supremest grace,  
Upspringing day and night :—

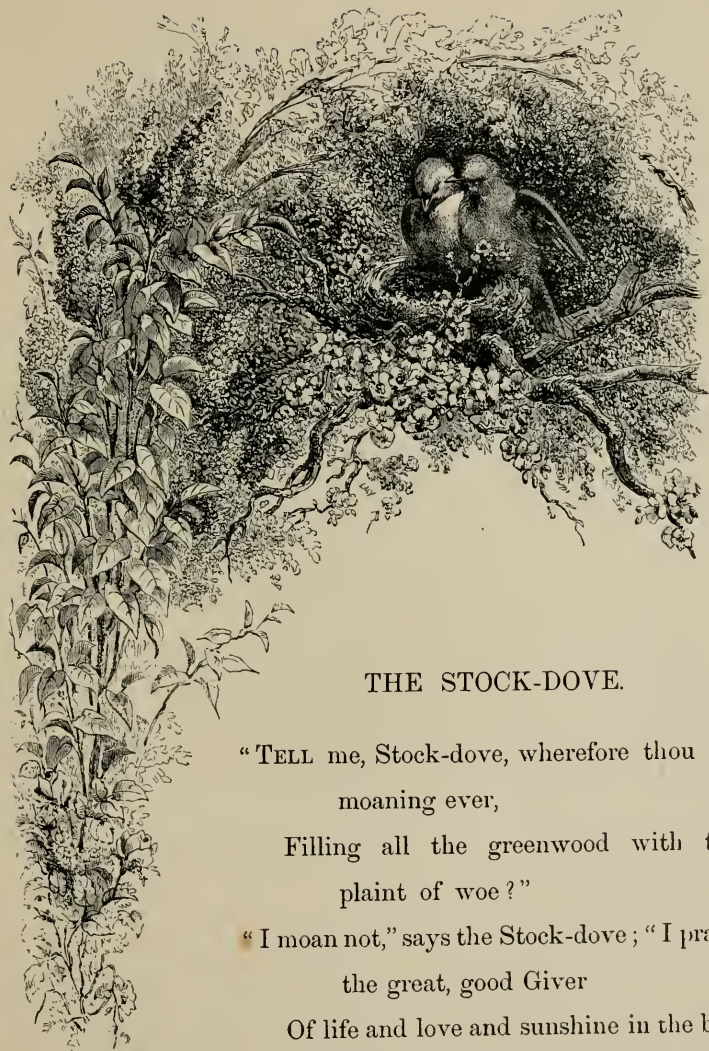
Springing in valleys green and low,  
And on the mountains high,  
And in the silent wilderness  
Where no man passes by ?

Our outward life requires them not—  
Then wherefore had they birth ?  
To minister delight to man,  
To beautify the earth ;

## THE USE OF FLOWERS.

To comfort man—to whisper hope,  
    Whene'er his faith is dim ;  
For who so careth for the flowers  
    Will much more care for him.





### THE STOCK-DOVE.

“TELL me, Stock-dove, wherefore thou art  
moaning ever,

Filling all the greenwood with thy  
plaint of woe?”

“I moan not,” says the Stock-dove; “I praise  
the great, good Giver  
Of life and love and sunshine in the best  
way that I know.

“ I learned my note in Eden, when young was all creation,  
When wandered sinless Adam beneath those blessèd bowers ;  
When the morning stars thrilled heaven with shouts of exultation,  
And the joyous Earth was radiant with a rainbow-zone of  
flowers.



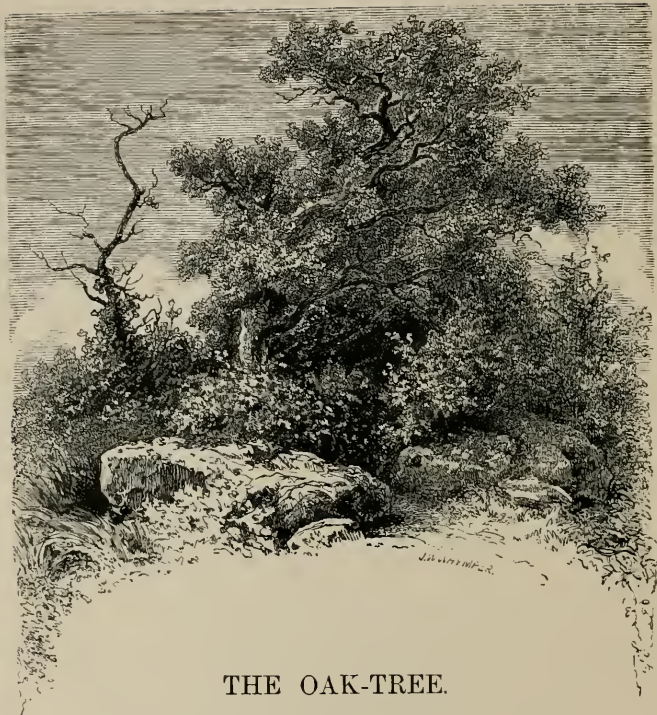
“ Then all the birds made vocal the new-born hills and valleys,  
And twittered alleluias were heard in every grove ;  
And, with my mate beside me, amid the greenwood alleys,  
I praised God as He taught me, with a cooing song of love.



“ We did not make our singing, nor one despise the other  
Because his part was humbler or different to his own ;  
God was the loving Father, and every bird a brother,  
And all strove in glad chorus to make His goodness known.

“ And if I seem to murmur and moan in endless grieving,  
’Tis thou who hast mistaken the meaning of my lay ;  
I moan not, neither murmur, but coo forth sweet thanksgiving  
To that good, loving Father who feeds us day by day.”





### THE OAK-TREE.

SING for the Oak-tree,

The monarch of the wood ;

Sing for the Oak-tree,

That groweth green and good :

That groweth broad and branching

Within the forest shade ;

That groweth now, and yet shall grow

When we are lowly laid !

The Oak-tree was an acorn once,  
And fell upon the earth ;  
And sun and showers nourished it,  
And gave the Oak-tree birth.  
The little sprouting Oak-tree !  
Two leaves it had at first,  
Till sun and showers had nourished it,  
Then out the branches burst.

The little sapling Oak-tree !  
Its root was like a thread,  
Till the kindly earth had nourished it,  
Then out it freely spread :  
On this side and on that side  
It grappled with the ground ;  
And in the ancient, rifted rock  
Its firmest footing found.

The winds came, and the rain fell ;  
The gusty tempests blew ;  
All, all were friends to the Oak-tree,  
And stronger yet it grew.  
The boy that saw the acorn fall,  
He feeble grew and gray ;

But the Oak was still a thriving tree,  
And strengthened every day !

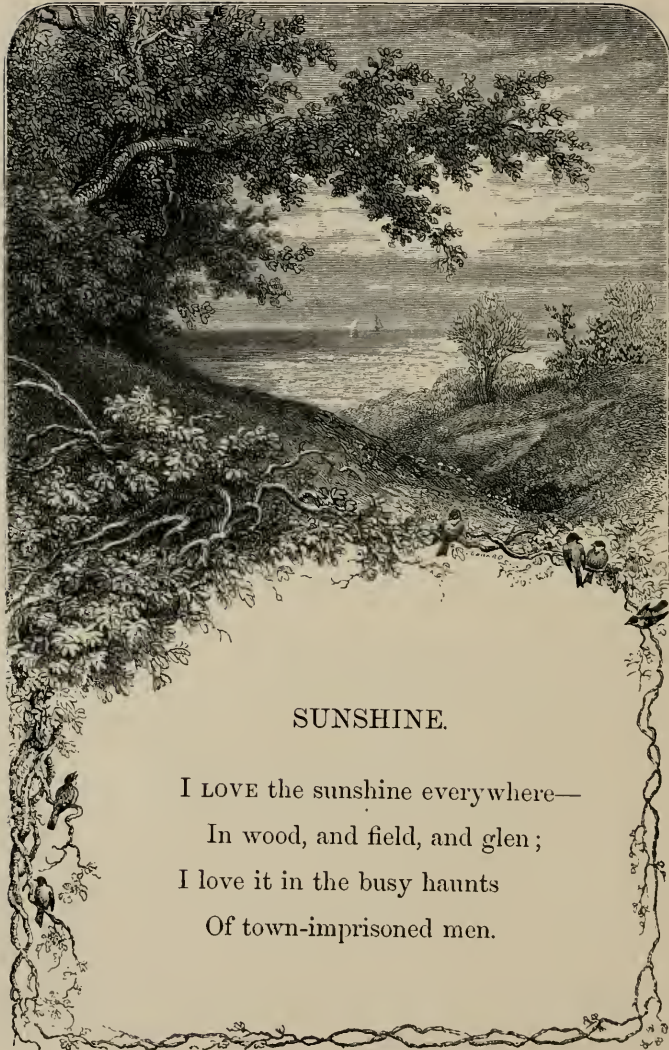
For centuries grows the Oak-tree,  
Nor doth its verdure fail ;  
Its heart is like the iron-wood,  
Its bark like plated mail.  
Now, cut us down the Oak-tree,  
The monarch of the wood ;  
And of its timber stout and strong  
We'll build a vessel good !

The Oak-tree of the forest  
Both east and west shall fly ;  
And the blessings of a thousand lands  
Upon our ship shall lie !  
She shall not be a man-of-war,  
Nor a pirate shall she be ;—  
But a noble, Christian merchant-ship,  
To sail upon the sea.

Then sing for the Oak-tree,  
The monarch of the wood !

Sing for the Oak-tree,  
That groweth green and good !  
That groweth broad and branching  
Within the forest shade ;  
That groweth now, and yet shall grow  
When we are lowly laid !





SUNSHINE.

I LOVE the sunshine everywhere—  
In wood, and field, and glen ;  
I love it in the busy haunts  
Of town-imprisoned men.

I love it when it streameth in  
The humble cottage door,  
And casts the chequered casement shade  
Upon the red-brick floor.



I love it when the children lie  
Deep in the clovery grass,  
To watch among the twining roots  
The gold-green beetles pass.

I love it on the breezy sea,  
To glance on sail and oar,  
While the great waves, like molten glass,  
Come leaping to the shore.

I love it on the mountain-tops,  
Where rests the thawless snow,

And half a kingdom, bathed in light,  
Lies stretching out below.



And when it shines in forest-glades,  
Hidden, and green, and cool,  
Through mossy boughs and veined leaves,  
How is it beautiful !

How beautiful on little streams,  
When sun and shade, at play,  
Make silvery meshes, while the brook  
Goes singing on its way.

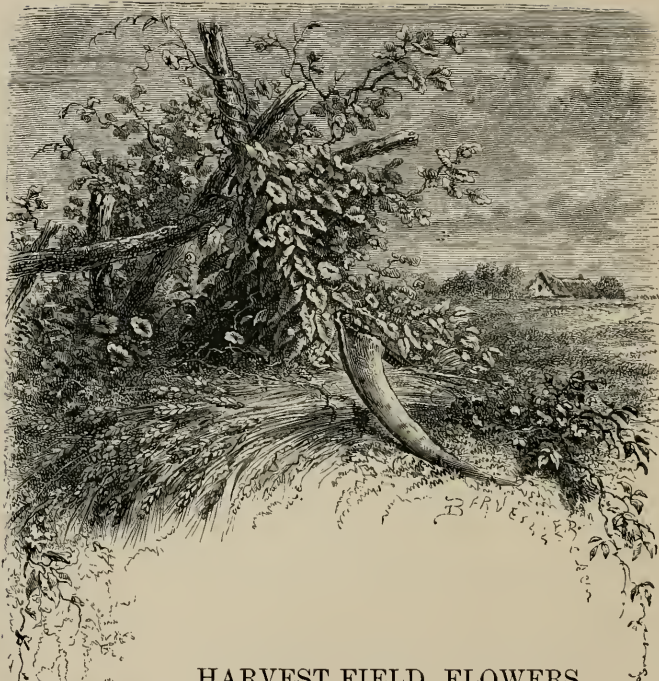


How beautiful, where dragon-flies  
Are wondrous to behold,  
With rainbow wings of gauzy pearl,  
And bodies blue and gold !

How beautiful, on harvest slopes,  
To see the sunshine lie ;  
Or on the paler reaped fields,  
Where yellow shocks stand high !

Oh yes ! I love the sunshine !  
Like kindness or like mirth  
Upon a human countenance,  
Is sunshine on the earth !

Upon the earth ; upon the sea ;  
And through the crystal air ;  
On piled-up cloud ;—the gracious sun  
Is glorious everywhere !



### HARVEST-FIELD FLOWERS.

COME down into the harvest-fields  
This autumn morn with me ;  
For in the pleasant autumn fields  
There's much to hear and see.  
On yellow slopes of waving corn  
The autumn sun shines clearly ;  
And 'tis joy to walk, on days like this,  
Among the bearded barley.



Within the sunny harvest-fields  
 We'll gather flowers enow ;  
 The poppy red, the marigold,  
 The buglos brightly blue ;  
 We'll gather the white convolvulus,  
 That opes in the morning early ;  
 With a cluster of nuts, an ear o  
     wheat,  
 And an ear of the bearded barley.

Bright over the golden fields of corn  
 Doth shine the autumn sky ;  
 So let's be merry while we may,  
 For Time goes hurrying by.  
 They took the sickle from the wall  
 When morning dews shone pearly ;  
 And the mower whets the ringing  
     scythe  
 To cut the bearded barley.

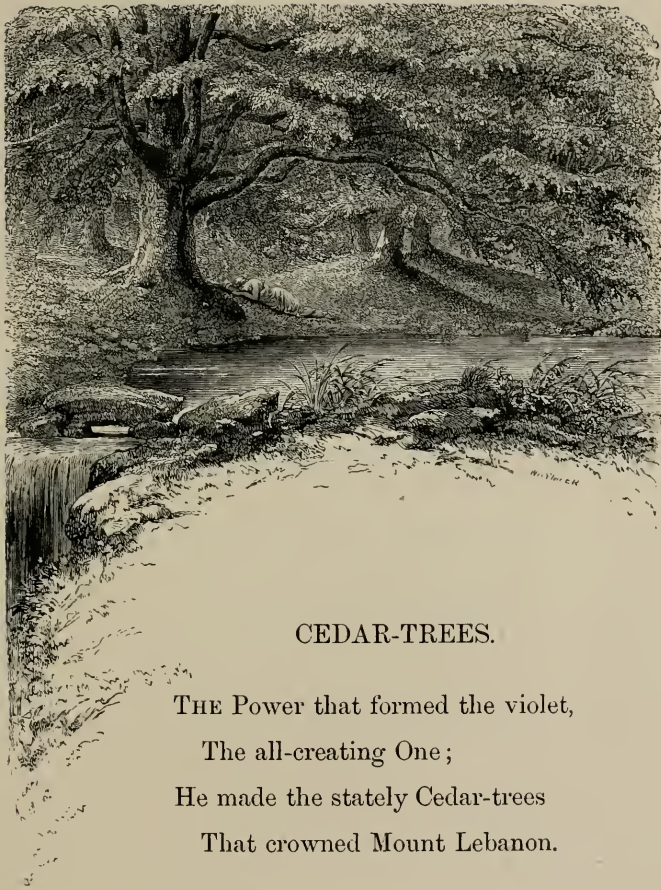
Come then into the harvest-fields ;  
 The robin sings his song ;  
 The corn stands yellow on the hills,  
 And autumn stays not long.



## HARVEST-FIELD FLOWERS.

They'll carry the sheaves of corn away  
They gathered to-day so early,  
Along the lanes with a rustling sound,—  
Their loads of the bearded barley!





### CEDAR-TREES.

THE Power that formed the violet,  
The all-creating One ;  
He made the stately Cedar-trees  
That crowned Mount Lebanon.

And all within the garden  
That angels came to see,  
He set in groves and on the hills  
The goodly Cedar-tree.

There played the gladsome creatures,  
    Beneath its shadow dim ;  
And from its spreading leafy boughs  
    Went up the wild bird's hymn.

And Eve in her young innocence  
    Delayed her footsteps there ;  
And Adam's heart grew warm with praise  
    To see a tree so fair.

And though the world was darkened  
    With the shade of human ill,  
And man was cast from Paradise,  
    Yet wast thou goodly still.

And when an ancient poet  
    Some lofty theme would sing,  
He made the Cedar symbol forth  
    Each great and gracious thing.

And royal was the Cedar,  
    Above all other trees !  
They chose of old its scented wood  
    For kingly palaces.

And in the halls of princes,  
And on the Phoenix-pyre,  
'Twas only noble Cedar-wood  
Could feed the odorous fire.

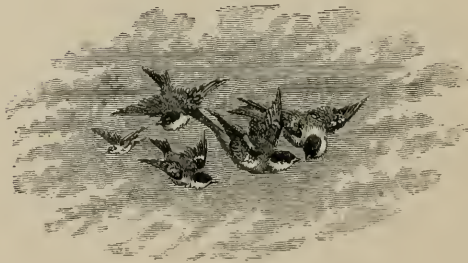


In the Temple of Jerusalem,  
That glorious Temple old,  
They only found the Cedar-wood  
To match with carvèd gold.

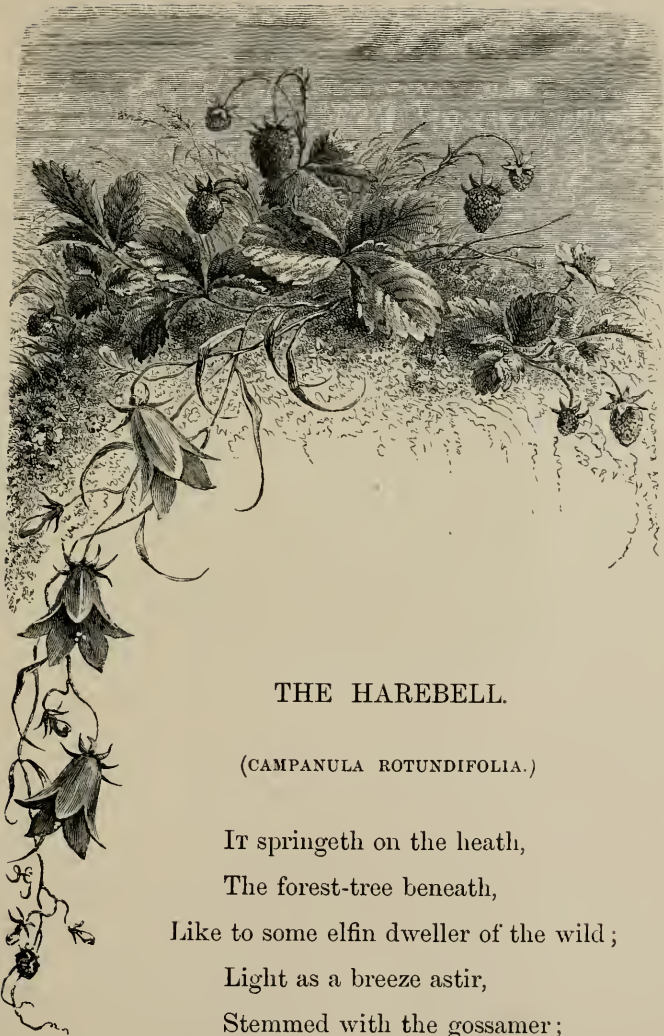
Thou great and noble Solomon !  
What king was e'er like thee ?  
Thou, 'mid the princes of the earth  
Wast like a Cedar-tree !

But the glory of the Cedar-tree  
Is as an old renown ;  
And few and dwindled grow they now  
Upon Mount Lebanon.

But dear they are to poet's heart,  
And dear to painter's eye :  
And the beauty of the Cedar-tree  
On earth will never die !







## THE HAREBELL.

(*CAMPANULA ROTUNDFOLIA.*)

It springeth on the heath,  
The forest-tree beneath,  
Like to some elfin dweller of the wild ;  
Light as a breeze astir,  
Stemmed with the gossamer ;  
Soft as the blue eyes of a poet's child.

## THE HAREBELL.

The very flower to take  
 Into the heart, and make  
 The cherished memory of all pleasant places ;  
 Name but the light Harebell,  
 And straight is pictured well  
 Where'er of fallen state lie lonely traces.



We vision wild sea-rocks,  
 Where hang its clustering locks,  
 Waving at dizzy height o'er ocean's brink ;  
 The hermit's lonesome cell ;  
 The forest's sylvan well,  
 Where the poor wounded hart came down  
 to drink.

We vision moors far spread,  
Where blooms the heather red,  
And hunters with their dogs lie down at noon.  
Lone shepherd-boys, who keep  
On mountain-sides their sheep,  
Cheating the time with flowers and fancies boon.

Old slopes of pasture ground ;  
Old fosse, and moat, and mound,  
Where the mailed warrior and crusader came ;  
Old walls of crumbling stone,  
Where trails the snap-dragon ;  
Rise at the mention of the Harebell's name.

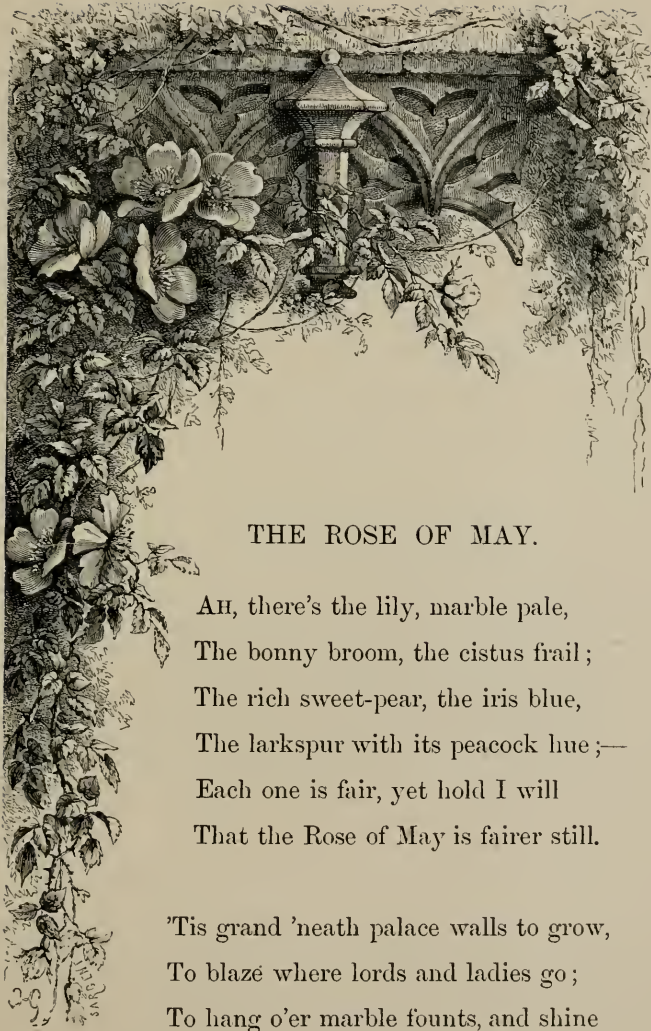
We see the sere turf brown,  
And the dry yarrow's crown  
Scarce raising from the stem its thick-set flowers ;  
The pale hawkweed we see,  
The blue-flowered chicory,  
And the strong ivy-growth o'er crumbling towers.

Light Harebell, there thou art,  
Making a lovely part  
Of the old splendour of the days gone by ;

Waving, if but a breeze  
Pant through the chestnut-trees,  
That on the hill-top grow, broad-branched and high.

Oh, when I look on thee,  
In thy fair symmetry,  
And look on other flowers as fair beside,  
My sense is gratitude,  
That God has been thus good,  
To scatter flowers, like common blessings, wide !





THE ROSE OF MAY.

AH, there's the lily, marble pale,  
The bonny broom, the cistus frail ;  
The rich sweet-pear, the iris blue,  
The larkspur with its peacock hue ;—  
Each one is fair, yet hold I will  
That the Rose of May is fairer still.

'Tis grand 'neath palace walls to grow,  
To blaze where lords and ladies go ;  
To hang o'er marble founts, and shine  
In modern gardens trim and fine ;

But the Rose of May is only seen  
Where the great of other days have been.

The house is mouldering stone by stone,  
The garden-walks are overgrown ;  
The flowers are low, the weeds are high,  
The fountain-stream is choked and dry ;  
The dial-stone with moss is green,  
Where'er the Rose of May is seen.



The Rose of May its pride displayed  
Along the old stone balustrade ;  
And ancient ladies, quaintly dight,  
In its pink blossoms took delight,

And on the steps would make a stand,  
To scent its sweetness, fan in hand.

Long have been dead those ladies gay ;  
Their very heirs have passed away ;  
And their old portraits, prim and tall,  
Are mouldering in the mouldering hall ;  
The terrace and the balustrade  
Lie broken, weedy, and decayed.

But, lithe and tall, the Rose of May  
Shoots upward through the ruin gray,  
With scented flower, and leaf pale green,  
Such rose as it hath ever been ;  
Left, like a noble deed, to grace  
The memory of an ancient race.



THE FLAX-FLOWER.

O THE little Flax-flower !

It groweth on the hill,

And, be the breeze awake or sleep,

It never standeth still.

It groweth, and it groweth fast ;

One day it is a seed,

And then a little grassy blade,

Scarce better than a weed.

But then out comes the Flax-flower,

As blue as is the sky ;

And " 'Tis a dainty little thing ! "

We say, as we go by.



A goodly little thing it is !  
It groweth for the poor,  
And many a peasant blesses it,  
Beside his cottage door.  
He thinketh how those slender stems,  
That simmer in the sun,  
Are rich for him in web and woof,  
And shortly shall be spun.  
He thinketh how those tender flowers,  
Of seed will yield him store :  
And sees in thought his next year's  
crop  
Blue shining round his door.

The little, useful Flax-flower !  
The mother, then says she,—  
“Go pull the thyme, the heath, the fern,  
But let the Flax-flower be !  
It groweth for the children's sake,  
It groweth for our own ;  
There are flowers enough upon the hill,  
But leave the Flax alone !  
The farmer hath his fields of wheat,  
Much cometh to his share ;

We have this little plot of Flax,  
That we have tilled with care.

“Our squire he hath the holt and hill,  
Great halls and noble rent ;  
We only have the Flax-field,  
Yet therewith are content,  
We watch it morn, we watch it night,  
And when the stars are out,  
The good-man and the little ones,  
They pace it round about ;  
For it we wish the sun to shine,  
For it the rain to fall ;  
Good lack ! for who is poor doth make  
Great count of what is small !”

The goodly, kindly Flax-flower !  
It groweth on the hill,  
And be the breeze awake or sleep,  
It never standeth still !  
It seemeth all astir with life,  
As if it loved to thrive ;  
As if it had a merry heart  
Within its stem alive !

Then fair befall the Flax-field !  
And may the fruitful showers  
Give strength unto its shining stem,  
Give seed unto its flowers !





### FLOWER COMPARISONS.

AH, sweet cousin Blanche, let's see  
What's the flower resembling thee !  
With those dove-like eyes of thine,  
And thy fair hair's silken twine ;  
With thy low, broad forehead, white  
As marble, and as purely bright ;  
With thy mouth so calm and sweet,  
And thy dainty hands and feet ;  
What's the flower most like thee ?

Blossom of the orange-tree !

Where may the bright flower be met  
That can match with Margaret,—  
Margaret, stately, staid, and good,  
Growing up to womanhood ;  
Loving, thoughtful, wise, and kind,  
Pure in heart and strong in mind ?  
Eyes deep blue as is the sky  
When the full moon sails on high ;  
Eyebrow true and forehead fair,  
And dark, richly-braided hair,  
And a queenly head well set,  
Crown my maiden Margaret.  
Where's the flower that thou canst  
find

Match for her in form and mind ?

Fair white lilies, having birth  
In their native genial earth ;—  
These, in scent and queenly grace,  
Match thy maiden's form and face !

Now for madcap Isabel—

What shall suit her, prithee tell ?  
Isabel is brown and wild ;  
Will be evermore a child ;  
Is all laughter, all vagary,  
Has the spirit of a fairy.  
Are you grave ?—The gipsy sly  
Turns on you her merry eye,  
And you laugh, despite your will.  
Isabel is never still,  
Always doing, never done,  
Be it mischief, work, or fun.  
Isabel is short and brown,  
Soft to touch as eider-down ;  
Tempered like the balmy south,  
With a rosy, laughing mouth ;  
Cheeks just tinged with peachy red,  
And a graceful Hebe head ;  
Hair put up in some wild way,  
Decked with a hedge-rose's spray.  
Now, where is the bud or bell  
That may match with Isabel ?

Streaky tulip, jet and gold,  
Dearly priced whenever sold ;

Rich in colour, low and sweet,  
This for Isabel is meet.

Last for Jeanie, grave and mild—  
Jeanie never was a child !  
Sitting on her mother's knee,  
Hers was thoughtful infancy ;  
Growing up so meek and good,  
Even from her babyhood.  
All her mother's labour sharing ;  
For the house and children caring ;  
To her bed in silence creeping ;  
Rising early, little sleeping ;  
Learning soon of care and need ;  
Learning late to write and read ;  
To all hardships reconciled,  
For she was a poor man's child !  
What's the lowly flower of earth  
Match for Jeanie's humble worth ?

Soon poor Jeanie's flower is met—  
The meek, precious violet !



### THE MANDRAKE.

THERE once was a garden grand and old,  
Its stately walks were trodden by few ;  
And there, in its driest and deepest mould,  
The dark green poisonous Mandrake grew.

That garden's lord was a learned man,—  
It is of an ancient time we tell,—  
He was grim and stern, with a visage wan,  
And had books which only he could spell.



He had been a monk in his younger days,  
They said, and travelled by land and sea;  
And now, in his old, ancestral place,  
He was come to study in privacy.

A garden it was both large and lone,  
And in it was temple, cave, and mound;  
The trees were with ivy overgrown,  
And the depth of its lake no line had found.

Some said that the springs of the lake lay deep  
Under the fierce volcano's root;  
For the water would ofttimes curl and leap  
When the summer air was calm and mute.

And all along o'er its margin dank  
Hung massy branches of evergreen;  
And among the pebbles upon the bank  
The playful water-snakes were seen.

And yew-trees old, in the alleys dim,  
Were cut into dragon shapes of dread;  
And in midst of shadow, grotesque and grim,  
Stood goat-limbed statues of sullen lead.

The garden beds they were long, and all  
    With a tangle of flowers were overgrown ;  
And each was screened with an ancient wall,  
    Or parapet low of mossy stone.

And from every crevice and broken ledge  
    The harebell blue and wall-flower sprung ;  
And from the wall to the water's edge  
    Wild masses of tendrilled creepers hung ;

For there was a moat outside, where slept  
    Deep waters, with slimy moss grown o'er ;  
And a wall and a tower securely kept  
    By a ban-dog fierce at a grated door.

This garden's lord was a scholar wise—  
    A scholar wise, with a learned look ;  
He studied by night the starry skies,  
    And all day long some ancient book.

There were lords hard by who lived by spoil,  
    But he did the men of war eschew ;  
There were lowly serfs who tilled the soil,  
    But with toiling serfs he had nought to do.

But now and then might with him be seen  
Two other old men with look profound,  
Who peered 'mid the leaves of the Mandrake  
green,  
And lightened with care the soil around.



For the king was sick, and of help had need ;  
Or he had a foe whom art must quell,  
So he sent to the learned man with speed  
To gather for him a Mandrake spell.

And at night, when the moon was at the full,  
When the air was still and the stars were out,  
Came the three the Mandrake root to pull,  
With the help of the ban-dog fierce and stout.

Oh, the Mandrake root! and they listened, all three,  
For awful sounds, and they spoke no word;  
And when the owl screeched from the hollow tree,  
They said 'twas the Mandrake's groan they heard.

And words they muttered, but what none knew,  
With motion slow of hand and foot;  
Then into the cave the three withdrew,  
And carried with them the Mandrake root.

They were all scholars of high degree,  
So they took the root of the Mandrake fell,  
And cut and carved it hideously,  
And muttered it into a magic spell.

Then who had been there by dawn of day,  
Might have seen the two from the grated door  
Speed forth; and as sure as they went away,  
The magic Mandrake root they bore.

And the old lord up in his chamber sat,  
    Blessing himself, sedate and mute,  
That he thus could gift the wise and great  
    With more than gold—the Mandrake root.





### FLOWER-PAINTINGS.

I LOVE those pictures that we see  
At times in some old gallery,  
Hung amid armed men of old,  
And antique ladies quaint and cold ;  
'Mong furious battle-pieces, dire  
With agony, and blood, and fire ;—  
Flower-pictures, painted long ago,  
Though worn and old, and dimmed of glow,  
I love them, although art may deem  
Such pictures but of light esteem.

There are the red rose and the white,  
And stems of lilies strong and bright ;  
The leaf and tendril of the vine ;  
The iris and the columbine ;  
The streaky tulip, gold and jet ;  
The amaranth and violet ;  
There is the bright jonquil ; the trail  
Of bind-weed, chalice-like and pale ;  
The crumpled poppy, brave and bold ;  
The pea ; the pink ; the marigold.

There are they grouped, in form and hue,  
Flower, bud, and leaf to nature true !  
Yes, although slighted and forlorn,  
And oft the mark of modern scorn,  
I love such pictures, and mine eye  
With cold regard ne'er passed them by.  
I love them most, that they present  
Some pious, antique sentiment :  
The Virgin-Mother, young and mild ;  
The cradle of the Holy Child ;  
Or, 'mid a visioned glory faint,  
The meek brow of some martyred saint ;

And with their painters I can find  
A kindred sympathy of mind.

Flowers are around me bright of hue,  
The quaint old favourites and the new,  
In form and colour infinite,  
Each one a creature of delight.  
But with this fair array is brought  
Full many a deep and holy thought,  
For garden-beds to me, and bowers,  
Like the old pictures of the flowers,  
Within their bloomy depths enshrine  
A hymn of praise, a thought divine !







THE  
WILD SPRING-CROCUS  
IN NOTTINGHAM MEADOWS.

AH, though it is an English  
flower,  
It only groweth here and  
there :

## THE WILD SPRING-CROCUS.

Through merry England you might ride,—  
Through all its length from side to side,—  
Through fifty counties, nor have spied  
    This flower so passing fair.

But in these meadows it is growing,  
    And now it is the early spring ;  
And see ! from out the kindly earth  
How thousand thousands issue forth !  
As if it gloried to give birth  
    To such a lovely thing.

Like lilac-flame its colour glows,  
    Tender, and yet so clearly bright,  
That all for miles and miles about  
The splendid meadow shineth out ;  
And far-off village children shout  
    To see the welcome sight.

I love the odorous hawthorn-flower ;  
    I love the wilding's bloom to see ;

I love the light anemones,  
That tremble to the faintest breeze ;  
And hyacinth-like orchises  
    Are very dear to me !

The star-wort is a fairy-flower ;  
    The violet is a thing to prize ;  
The wild-pink on the craggy ledge ;  
The waving sword-like water-sedge,  
And e'en the Robin-run-i'-th'-hedge,  
    Are precious in mine eyes.

Yes, yes, I love them all, bright things !  
    But then, such glorious flowers as these  
Are dearer still. I'll tell you why :  
There's joy in many and many an eye  
When first goes forth the welcome cry  
    Of—" Lo, the Crocuses !"

Then little toiling children leave  
    Their care, and here by thousands throng,

And through the shining meadow run,  
And gather them ; not one by one,  
But by grasped handfuls, where are none  
    To say that they do wrong.

They run, they leap, they shout for joy ;  
    They bring their infant brethren here ;  
They fill each little pinafore ;  
They bear their baskets brimming o'er ,  
Within their very hearts they store  
    This first joy of the year.

Yes, joy in these abundant meadows  
    Pours out like to the earth's o'erflowing ;  
And, less that they are beautiful  
Than that they are so plentiful,  
So free for every child to pull,  
    I love to see them growing.

And here, in our own fields they grow—  
    An English flower, but very rare ;

Through all the kingdom you may ride,—  
O'er marshy flat, on mountain-side,—  
Nor ever see, outstretching wide,  
Such flowery meadows fair!





### THE GARDEN.

I HAD a Garden when a child ;  
I kept it all in order !  
'Twas full of flowers as it could be,  
And London-pride was its border.

And soon as came the pleasant spring,  
The singing-birds built in it,—  
The blackbird and the thristle-cock,  
The woodlark and the linnet.

And all within my Garden ran  
A labyrinth-walk so mazy ;  
In the middle there grew a yellow rose,  
At each end a Michaelmas-daisy.

I had a bush of southern-wood,  
And two of bright mezereon ;  
A peony root, a snow-white phlox,  
And a plant of red valerian ;

A lilac-tree, and a guelder-rose ;  
A broom, and a tiger-lily ;  
And I walked a dozen miles to find  
The true wild daffodilly.

I had columbines, both pink and blue,  
And thalietrum like a feather ;  
And the bright goat's-beard, that shuts its leaves  
Before a change of weather.

I had marigolds, and gilliflowers,  
And pinks all pinks exceeding ;  
I'd a noble root of love-in-a-mist,  
And plenty of love-lies-bleeding.

I had Jacob's ladder, Aaron's rod,  
And the peacock-gentianella ;  
I had asters, more than I can tell,  
And lupins blue and yellow.

I set a grain of Indian corn,  
One day in an idle humour ;  
And the grain sprung up six feet or more,  
My glory for a summer.

I found far off in the pleasant fields,  
More flowers than I can mention  
I found the English asphodel,  
And the spring and autumn gentian.

I found the orchis, fly and bee,  
And the cistus of the mountain ;  
The money-wort, and the green hart's-tongue,  
Beside an old wood fountain.

I found, within another wood,  
The rare pyrola blowing ;  
For wherever there was a curious flower,  
I was sure to find it growing.



I set them in my Garden beds,  
 Those beds I loved so dearly,  
 Where I laboured after set of sun,  
 And in summer mornings early.

Oh! my pleasant Garden-plot!—  
 A shrubbery was beside it,  
 And an old and mossy apple-tree,  
 With a woodbine wreathed to hide it.

There was a bower in my Garden-plot,  
 A spiræa grew before it;  
 Behind it was a laburnum-tree  
 And a wild hop clambered o'er it.

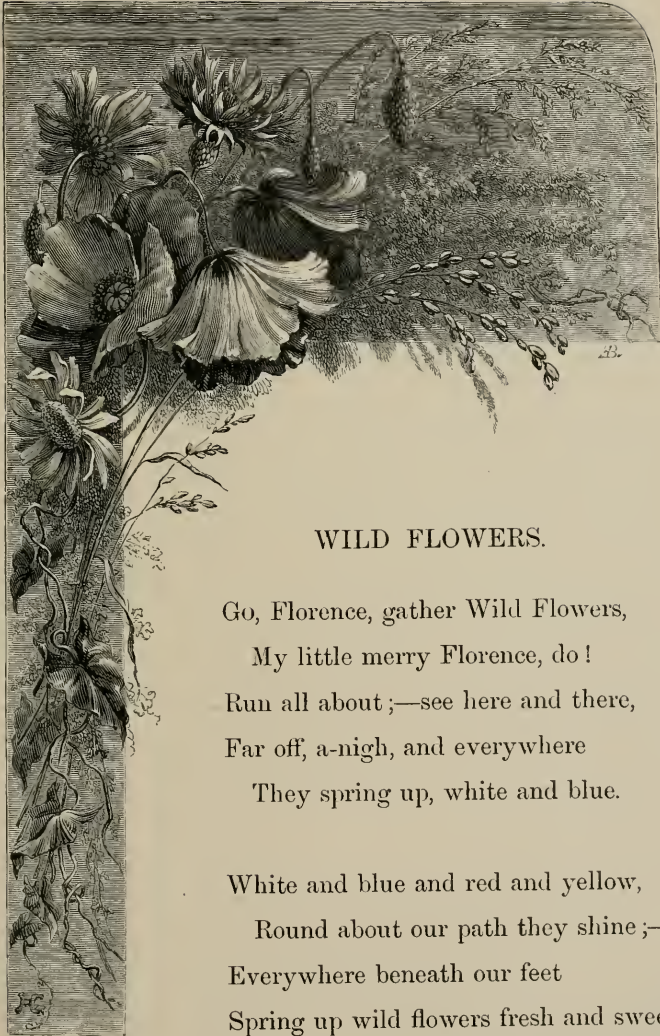
Ofttimes I sat within my bower,  
 Like a king in all his glory;  
 Ofttimes I read, and read for hours,  
 Some pleasant, wondrous story.

I read of Gardens in old times,—  
 Old stately Gardens, kingly,  
 Where people walked in gorgeous crowds,  
 Or, for silent musing, singly.

I raised up visions in my brain,  
The noblest and the fairest ;  
But still I loved my Garden best,  
And thought it far the rarest.

And all amongst my flowers I walked.  
Like a miser 'midst his treasure :  
For that pleasant plot of Garden ground  
Was a world of endless pleasure.





### WILD FLOWERS.

Go, Florence, gather Wild Flowers,  
My little merry Florence, do !  
Run all about ;—see here and there,  
Far off, a-nigh, and everywhere  
They spring up, white and blue.

White and blue and red and yellow,  
Round about our path they shine ;—  
Everywhere beneath our feet  
Spring up wild flowers fresh and sweet,  
To gladden hearts like thine :

But lately and the earth was cold,—  
    Brown and bare as it could be,—  
Not an orchis to be seen ;  
Not a hooded arum green ;  
    Not a ficary !

Lately even the primroses,  
    Each one like a gentle star,  
King-cups like to flowers of gold,  
Daisies white, a thousandfold,  
    Were not—now they are !

Could the wealth of London town  
    Have been given three months ago,  
To call these several wild flowers forth,  
And o'er the bosom of the earth  
    To cast this glorious show,

The wealth of London had been vain.—  
    Look round about and see them now !  
In wood and waste, on hill and plain,  
On the green banks of every lane ;  
    On every hanging bough !

The wind-flower waveth in the grass ;  
The blue-bell noddeth 'neath the trees ;  
The ancient leafy sycamore,—  
The older oak is covered o'er  
With pale green racimes ;

Look round ! a brown and huskèd seed,  
A berry, or a kernelled stone—  
A small and worthless thing to see—  
Contains a flower, enfolds a tree ;  
And hence all these have grown.

Look round ! the sunshine and the air,  
The water-brooks that smoothly glide ;  
The mother Earth that keeps and warms ;  
Soft-falling dews, carèering storms,—  
Have nourishment supplied.

O gracious handiworks of God !  
And thus is clothed the barren wild  
With flowers, so many and so fair,  
That spring, innumeros, everywhere,  
To please a little child !

Go, Florence, gather wild flowers,  
Go, gather of the flowers thy fill !

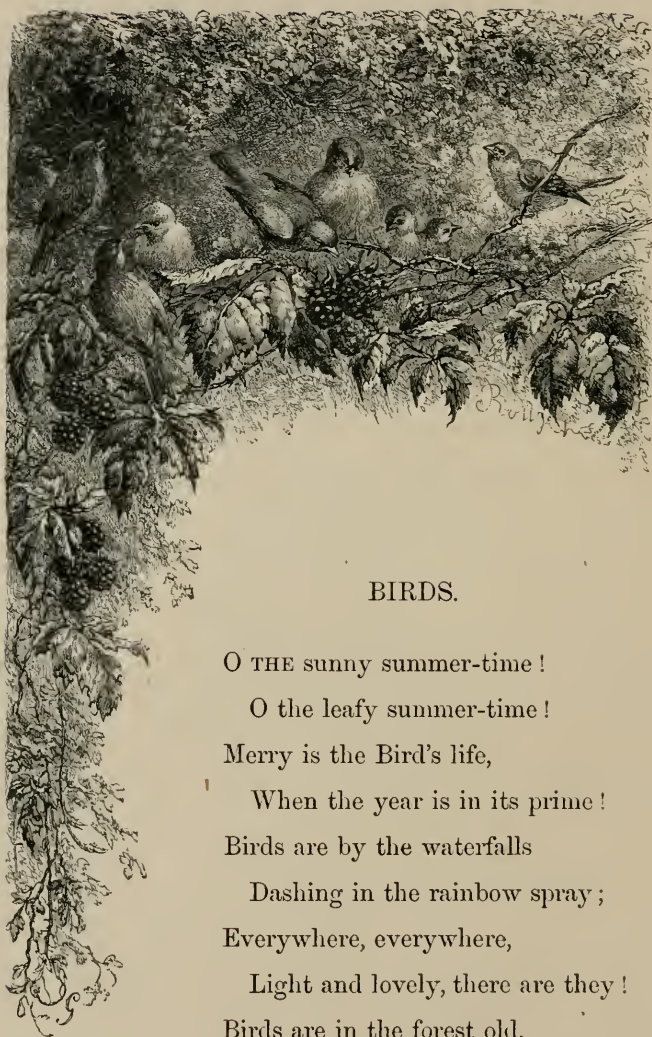


The blue-bell and the orchis red,  
The boughs of wilding overhead,  
The cistus from the hill.

Go, bring me sprays of yellow broom,—  
Its flowers are wondrous fair to see !  
Go, bring the budding grass and reed ;  
The opening flower of every weed  
Shall be a joy to thee !

For, looking on a little flower,  
A holy truth shall reach thy heart—  
A glimpse of that divinest plan,  
That bond of love 'twixt God and man,  
In which even thou hast part!





## BIRDS.

O THE sunny summer-time !

O the leafy summer-time !

Merry is the Bird's life,

When the year is in its prime !

Birds are by the waterfalls

Dashing in the rainbow spray ;

Everywhere, everywhere,

Light and lovely, there are they !

Birds are in the forest old,

Building in each hoary tree ;



Birds are on the green hills ;

Birds are by the sea !

In the heather on the hill ;

All among the mountain thyme ;

By the little brook-sides,

Where the sparkling waters chime ;

On the moor and in the fen,

'Mong the wortle-berries green ;

In the yellow furze-bush,—

There the joyous Bird is seen.



O'er the crag, and o'er the peak

Splintered, savage, wild, and bare,

On wild wing the Bird-flocks

Wheel amid the air.

Wheel amid the breezy air,  
Singing, screaming in their flight,  
Calling to their Bird-mates,  
In a troubleless delight!  
In the green and leafy wood,  
Where the branching ferns up-curl,  
Soon as is the dawning,  
Wakes the mavis and the merle;  
Wakes the cuckoo on the bough;  
Wakes the jay with ruddy breast;  
Wakes the mother ring-dove,  
Brooding on her nest!

O the sunny summer-time!  
O the leafy summer-time!  
Merry is the Bird's life,  
When the year is in its prime!  
Some are strong and some are weak;  
Some love day and some love  
night;  
But whate'er a Bird is,  
Whate'er loves—it has delight,  
In the joyous song it sings;  
In the liquid air it cleaves;

In the sunshine ; in the shower ;

In the nest it weaves !



Do we wake ; or do we sleep ;

Go our fancies in a crowd

After many a dull care—

Birds are singing loud !

Sing then, linnet ; sing then, wren ;

Merle and mavis, sing your fill ;

And thou, rapturous skylark,  
Sing and soar up from the hill !  
Sing, O nightingale, and pour  
Out for us sweet fancies new !—  
Singing thus for us, Birds,  
We will sing of you !





### THE FLOWER-LESSON.

COUSIN MARION, come and see  
What these pretty flowers may be.  
Yester-morn my brother John,  
Ere the shining dew were gone,  
He and I set out to go  
To the heights of Eder-low,—  
And these flowers grew by the way ;  
What their names, I pray thee say !

Thus, upon a summer noon,  
 In the flowery month of June,  
 Spoke a little country-maiden,  
 To her cousin, flower-laden ;  
 “ Here is bud and here is bell—  
 What their names, I pray thee tell ? ”

Down the merry maidens bent ;  
 Each upon her task intent ;  
 Happy-hearted child was each,  
 This to listen, that to teach,—  
 “ Here is bud and here is bell—  
 What their names, sweet Marion, tell ? ”

## MARION.

This, the ladies'-mantle, see—  
 Silken, as it ought to be,—  
 Folded, fan-like, with such care,  
 As for bright Queen Mab to wear.  
 That—in wayside woods it grows—  
 Is our English guelder-rose.

## AMY.

In a little running brook,  
 Where came never fisher's hook,

Where the birds build all unhurt,  
Grew this flower.

MARION.

'Tis money-wort.  
Well I love those shady nooks,  
Love this flower, and love those brooks.  
This,—the water-violet,—

AMY.

In a meadow-pool we met,  
Where the stately water-lily  
Lay so marble-like and stilly!

MARION.

This,—oh, yes, I know it well,—  
Is the English asphodel:  
In the turfy bogs you found it,  
Brown osmunda growing round it.

AMY.

Where the shining lizard hideth,  
Where the speckled viper slideth,—



## MARION.

Where the spiey sweet-gale springs,  
And afar its odour flings ;  
All amongst the mosses many,  
On those wilds so brown and fenny,  
'Mongst the wortle-berries crude,  
In a trackless solitude,  
Shining out, like sunshine yellow,  
In a picture old and mellow,



Lay the beds of asphodel;—  
 Golden flowers! I love them well!  
 These—the columbines, dark blue—

AMY.

In the woods of Eder grew,  
 Nodding on their graceful stems  
 Like to sapphire diadems.

MARION.

This—the bearded wayside barley—  
 Groweth late and cometh early,  
 Dry and husky, crisp and hard,  
 Like this grass, the wiry nard.  
 Ah, and here's the wormwood hoary;  
 And the yellow fumitory;  
 And the trailing snap-dragon;—  
 These love ruins, every one:  
 In some ancient place they grew.

AMY.

Cousin Marion, that is true,—  
 On the abbey's ruined wall,

## THE FLOWER-LESSON.

In the dry turf grew they all;—  
This sprang in the woods above—

MARION.

That strange plant is called true-love,—  
Four round leaves and one dull flower,  
Fitted for enchanter's bower.

AMY.

Here's the sky-blue periwinkle.

MARION.

There the sundew's diamonds, twinkle;  
This—its name I scarce need tell—  
Is the scarlet pimpernel:  
'Mongst the budding corn it grew.

AMY.

Marion, look! this flower so blue,  
On the rocky heights we found,  
In the cairn-stones' mossy round,  
Where the cool, fresh breezes blow,—  
On the top of Eder-low.

MARION.

Yes, I know the breezy hill,  
Solitary, stern, and still,—  
There with eager feet I ran  
Oft to call valerian.—  
Dear to me that old hill's crown,  
With its turf so dry and brown,  
And its ring of mossy stone !

AMY.

Would that we that place had known !

MARION.

Dear to me the raven's cry,  
Sounding as it soareth by ;—  
Dear to me the gray-faced sheep,  
Standing timidly to peep  
But one moment, then are gone.

AMY.

Would that we these things had known !  
But, sweet Cousin Marion,  
On the morrow let us go,—  
Thou with us,—to Eder-low.

Brother John right glad will be—  
We shall make a merry three—  
Let us on the morrow go!

MARION.

Happy thought! to Eder-low!





### THE SPARROW'S NEST.

NAY, only look what I have found !  
A Sparrow's Nest upon the ground ;  
A Sparrow's Nest, as you may see,  
Blown out of yonder old elm-tree.

And what a medley thing it is !  
I never saw a nest like this,—  
Not neatly wove with tender care,  
Of silvery moss and shining hair ;

But put together, odds and ends,  
Picked up from enemies and friends ;  
See, bits of thread, and bits of rag,  
Just like a little rubbish-bag !

Here is a scrap of red and brown,  
Like the old washer-woman's gown ;  
And here is muslin, pink and green,  
And bits of calico between.

Oh, never thinks the lady fair,  
As she goes by with dainty air,  
How the pert Sparrow overhead,  
Has robbed her gown to make its bed !

See, hair of dog and fur of cat,  
And rovings of a worsted mat,  
And shreds of silk, and many a feather,  
Compacted cunningly together !

Well, here has hoarding been, and hiving,  
And not a little good contriving,  
Before a home of peace and ease  
Was fashioned out of things like these !

Think, had these odds and ends been brought  
To some wise men renowned for thought,—  
Some man, of men a very gem,  
Pray, what could he have done with them ?

If we had said, “ Here, sir, we bring  
You many a worthless little thing,  
Just bits and scraps, so very small,  
That they have scarcely size at all ;

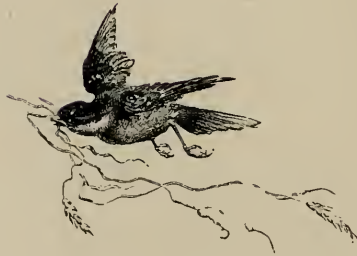
“ And out of these you must contrive  
A dwelling large enough for five ;  
Neat, warm, and snug ; with comfort stored ;  
Where five small things may lodge and board.”

How would the man of learning vast  
Have been astonished and aghast ;  
And vowed that such a thing had been  
Ne'er heard of, thought of, much less seen !

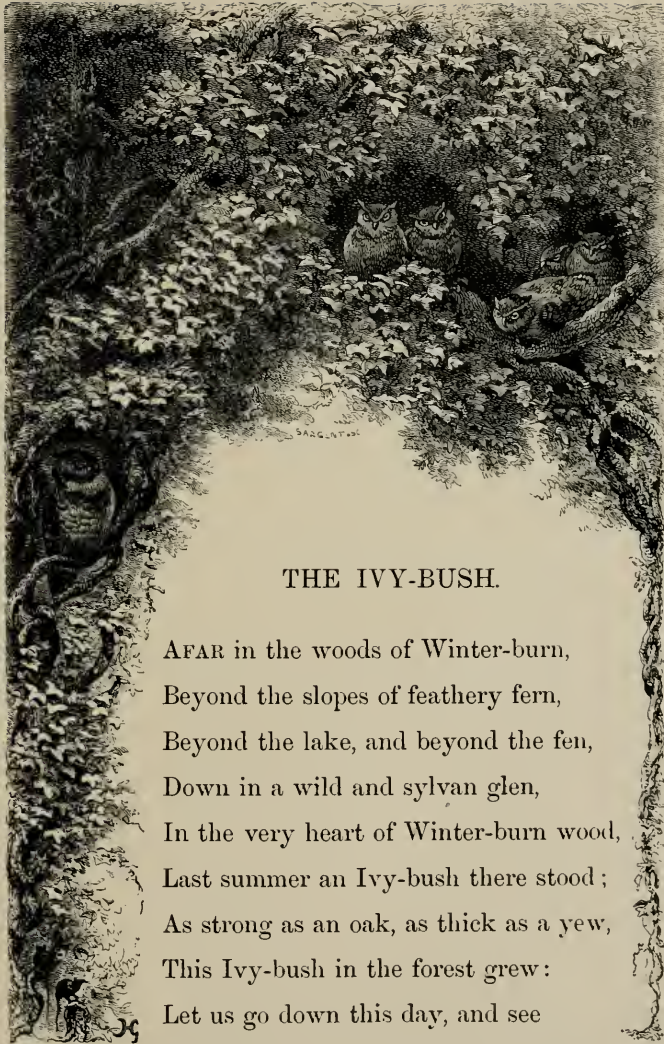
Ah ! man of learning, you are wrong !  
Instinct is, more than wisdom, strong ;  
And He who made the Sparrow, taught  
This skill beyond your reach of thought.

## THE SPARROW'S NEST.

And here, in this uncostly nest,  
Five little creatures have been blest ;  
Nor have kings known, in palaces,  
Half their contentedness in this—  
Poor, simple dwelling as it is !







### THE IVY-BUSH.

AFAR in the woods of Winter-burn,  
Beyond the slopes of feathery fern,  
Beyond the lake, and beyond the fen,  
Down in a wild and sylvan glen,  
In the very heart of Winter-burn wood,  
Last summer an Ivy-bush there stood ;  
As strong as an oak, as thick as a yew,  
This Ivy-bush in the forest grew :  
Let us go down this day, and see  
If in Winter-burn still grows this tree.

Now we are here :—the words I spoke  
Were not, ye see, an idle joke !  
Stem, branch, and root, what think ye all  
Of this Ivy-bush so broad and tall ?  
Many and many a year, I wis,  
The tree has throve, ere it grew to this ;  
Many a year has tried its speed,  
Since this old bush was an ivy-seed ;  
And the woodman's children that were then,  
Long years ago were ancient men,  
And now no more on earth are seen ;  
But the Ivy-bush is hale and green ;  
And ere it sinks in slow decay,  
Years and years will have passed away.

All round about 'mong its twisting boughs  
Many old owls do snugly house,  
Warm feathered o'er ; yet none can see  
How they winking sit in the Ivy-tree,  
For the leaves are thick as they can be.  
But at fall of night, when the stars come out,  
The old owls begin to move about ;  
And the Ivy-bush, like a busy hive,  
Within its leaves is all alive ;

And were you here, you would declare  
That the very bush began to stare ;  
For amid the dusk of leaves dark green,  
The owl eyes look out fixed and keen ;  
North and south, and round about,  
East and west those eyes look out.  
And anon is heard afar and nigh  
How the Ivy-bush sends forth a cry—  
A cry so long, a cry so wild,  
That it wakes almost the cradled child ;  
And the coach that comes with its peopled  
load,  
Man, woman and babe, up the hilly road,  
They hear in amaze the sudden hoot  
That shakes the old bush, branch and root ;  
And the caped-up coachman, then says he,  
“ In Winter-burn there grows a tree,  
And in this tree more owls abide  
Than in all Winter-burn beside ;  
And every night, as we climb this brow,  
The owls hoot out as they're hooting now ! ”

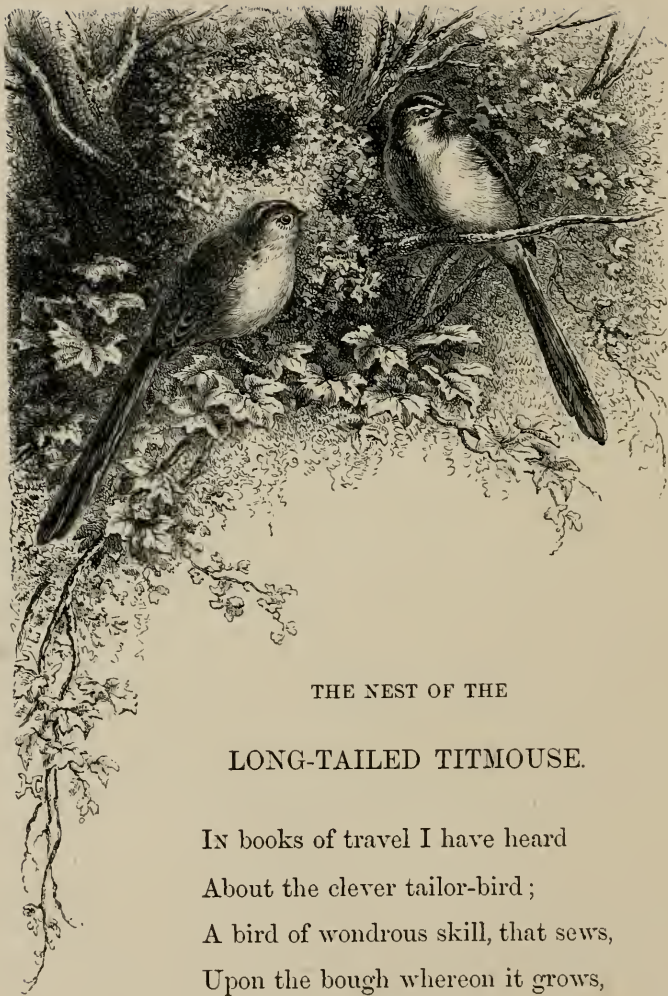
And when they hoot, and when they shout,  
’Tis woe to the wood-mice all about ;

And when the fires of their eyes appear,  
The weak little birds they quake for fear—  
For they know that the owls, with a fierce  
    delight,  
Riot and feast, like lords, at night.

    Old bush, of ivy-trees the prime,  
Men find thee out at Christmas-time ;  
From the distant town, through frost and  
    snow,  
To the woods of Winter-burn they go ;  
And were Care killed by an ivy bough,  
What a killer of Care, old tree, wert thou !  
For high in the hall, with laughter merry,  
They hang thy twigs with their powdered  
    berry ;  
And the red-gemmed holly they mix also  
With the spectral branches of mistletoe.  
Rare old tree ! and the cottage small  
Is decked as well as the baron's hall :  
For the children's hands are busy and fain  
To dress up the little window-pane,  
And set in the chinks of the roof-tree wood  
The holly and ivy, green and good.

'Twere well for us, thou rare old tree !  
Could we gladden the human heart like thee—  
Like thee and the holly, that thus make gay  
The lowliest cot for a winter's day !





THE NEST OF THE  
LONG-TAILED TITMOUSE.

IN books of travel I have heard  
About the clever tailor-bird ;  
A bird of wondrous skill, that sews,  
Upon the bough whereon it grows,  
A leaf into a nest so fair  
That with it nothing can compare ;

A light and lovely airy thing  
That vibrates with the breeze's wing.  
Ah well ! it is with cunning power  
That little artist makes her bower ;  
But come into an English wood,  
And I'll show you a work as good,—  
A work the tailor-bird's excelling,  
A more elaborate, snugger dwelling ;  
More beautiful, upon my word,—  
Wrought by a little English bird.

There, where those boughs of black-thorn  
    cross,  
Behold that oval ball of moss !  
Look all the forest round and round,  
No fairer nest can e'er be found ;  
Observe it near, all knit together,—  
Moss, willow-down, and many a feather,—  
And filled within, as you may see,  
As full of feathers as can be ;  
Whence it is called by country-folk,—  
A fitting name,—the Feather-poke ;  
But learned people, I have heard,  
*Parus caudatus* call the bird,

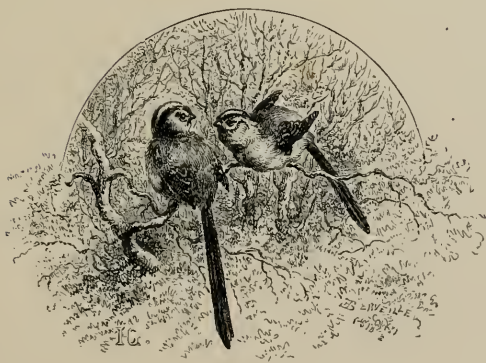
And others, not the learned clan,  
Call it Wood-pot, and Jug, and Can.

Ay, here's a nest! a nest indeed,  
That doth all other nests exceed,  
Propped with the black-thorn twigs beneath,  
And festooned with a woodbine wreath!  
Look at it near, all knit together,—  
Moss, willow-down, and many a feather;  
So soft, so light, so wrought with grace,  
So suited to this greenwood place,  
And spangled o'er, as with the intent  
Of giving fitting ornament,  
With silvery flakes of lichen bright,  
That shine like opals, dazzling white!

Think only of the creature small  
That wrought this soft and silvery ball,  
Without a tool to aid her skill—  
Nought but her little feet and bill—  
Without a pattern whence to trace  
This little roofed-in dwelling-place,  
And does not in your bosom spring  
Love for this skilful little thing?



See! there's a window in the wall:  
Peep in; the house is not so small  
But, snug and cosy, you shall see  
A very numerous family!  
Now count them—one, two, three, four, five—  
Nay, *sixteen* merry things alive—  
Sixteen young chirping things, all set  
Where you your small hand could not get!  
I'm glad you've seen it, for you never  
Saw aught before so soft and clever!





### SPRING.

DEAR children all, rejoice and sing,  
Like the glad birds, for this is Spring !  
Look up, the skies above are bright,  
And darkly blue as deep midnight ;  
And piled-up, silvery clouds lie there,  
Like radiant slumberers of the air.  
And hark ! from every bush and tree  
Rings forth the wild-wood melody :  
The blackbird and the thrush sing out ;  
And small birds warble round about,  
As if they were bereft of reason,  
In the great gladness of the season ;

And though the hedge be leafless yet,  
Still many a little nest is set  
'Mongst twisted boughs so cunningly,  
Where early eggs lie, two or three.  
And hark! those rooks the trees among,  
Feeding their never silent young;  
A pleasant din it is, that calls  
The fancy to ancestral halls.  
But hush! from out that warm wood-  
side,  
I hear a voice that ringeth wide—  
Oh, joyful Spring's sweet minstrel, hail!  
It is indeed the nightingale,  
Loud singing in the morning clear,  
As poets ever love to hear!

Look now abroad.—All creatures see,  
How they are filled with life and glee:  
This little bee among the flowers  
Hath laboured since the morning hours,  
Making the pleasant air astir,  
And with its murmuring pleasanter.  
See there! the waving butterfly,  
With starting motion fluttering by,

From leaf to leaf, from spray to spray,  
A thing whose life is holiday ;



The little rabbits, too, are out ;  
And leverets skipping all about ;  
And squirrels, peeping from their trees,  
A-start at every vagrant breeze ;—  
For life, in the glad days of spring,  
Doth gladden each created thing.

Now green is every bank, and full  
Of flowers and leaves for all to pull.  
The ficary in each sunny place,  
Doth shine out like a merry face ;

The strong green mercury, and the dear  
Fresh violets of the early year,  
Peering their broad green leaves all through,  
In odorous thousands, white and blue ;  
And the broad dandelion's blaze,  
Bright as the sun of summer days ;  
And in the woods, beneath the green  
Of budding trees, are brightly seen  
The nodding blue-bell's graceful flowers—  
The hyacinth of this land of ours—  
As fair as any flower that blows ;  
And here the white stellaria grows,  
Like Una with her gentle grace,  
Shining out in a shady place ;  
And here, on open slopes we see  
The lightly-set anemone ;  
Here, too, the spotted arum green,  
A hooded mystery, is seen ;  
And in the turfy meadows shine  
White saxifrage and cardamine ;  
And acres of the crocus make  
A lustre like a purple lake.  
And overhead how nobly towers  
The chestnut, with its waxen flowers,

And broad green leaves, which wide expand,  
Like to a giant's open hand.  
Beside you blooms the hawthorn free ;  
And yonder the wild cherry-tree,  
The fairy-lady of the wood ;  
And there the sycamore's bursting bud,  
The Spanish chestnut, and the lime,  
Those trees of flowery summer-time.  
Look up, the leaves are fresh and green,  
And every branching vein is seen  
Through their almost transparent sheen !  
Spirit of Beauty, thou dost fling  
Such grace o'er each created thing,  
That even a little leaf may stir  
The heart to be a worshipper ;  
And joy which in the soul has birth,  
From these bright creatures of the earth,  
Good is it thou shouldst have thy way,—  
Thou art as much of God as they !

Now let us to the garden go,  
And dig and delve, and plant and sow ;  
The fresh dark mould is rich and sweet,  
And each flower-plot is trim and neat ;

And daffodil and primrose see,  
And many-hued anemone,  
As full of flower as they can be ;  
And here the hyacinth sweetly pale,  
Recalling some old Grecian tale ;  
And here the mild narcissus too ;  
And every flower of every hue  
Which the glad season sends, is here ;  
The almond, whilst its branch is sere,  
With myriad blossoms beautified,  
As pink as the sea-shell's inside ;  
And, under the warm cottage-eaves,  
Amongst its clustered, budding leaves,  
Shines out the pear-tree's flowers of snow,  
As white as any flowers that grow ;  
And budding is the southern vine,  
And apricot and nectarine ;  
And plum-trees in the garden warm,  
And damsons round the cottage farm,  
Like snow-showers shed upon the trees,  
And, like them, shaken by the breeze.

Dear ones ! 'tis now the time that ye  
Sit down with zeal to botany ;

And names which were so hard and tough,  
Are easy now, and clear enough ;  
For from the morn to evening hours  
Your bright instructors are sweet flowers.  
Go out through pleasant field and lane,  
And come back, glad of heart again,  
Bringing with you life's best of wealth,  
Knowledge, and joy of heart, and health.  
Ere long each bank whereon ye look  
Will be to you an open book,  
And flowers, by the Creator writ,  
The characters inscribed on it !

Come, let us forth unto the fields !  
Unceasing joy the season yields ;  
Why should we tarry within door ?  
Behold ! the children of the poor  
Are out, all joy, and running races,  
With buoyant limbs and laughing faces.  
Thank Heaven ! the sunshine and the air  
Are free to these young sons of care !  
Come, let us too be glad as they,  
For soon is gone the merry May !





### REST-HARROW.

ON the broomy hills,  
Where the wild thyme bloweth,  
There the red Rest-harrow  
In its beauty groweth ;

Where the slender hare-bell  
Is the blue-sky's fellow,

And the little hawkweeds  
Spread their stars of yellow ;

Where the sky-lark builds  
Its nest amongst the yarrow,  
Shooting through the sunny air  
Like a wingèd arrow ;

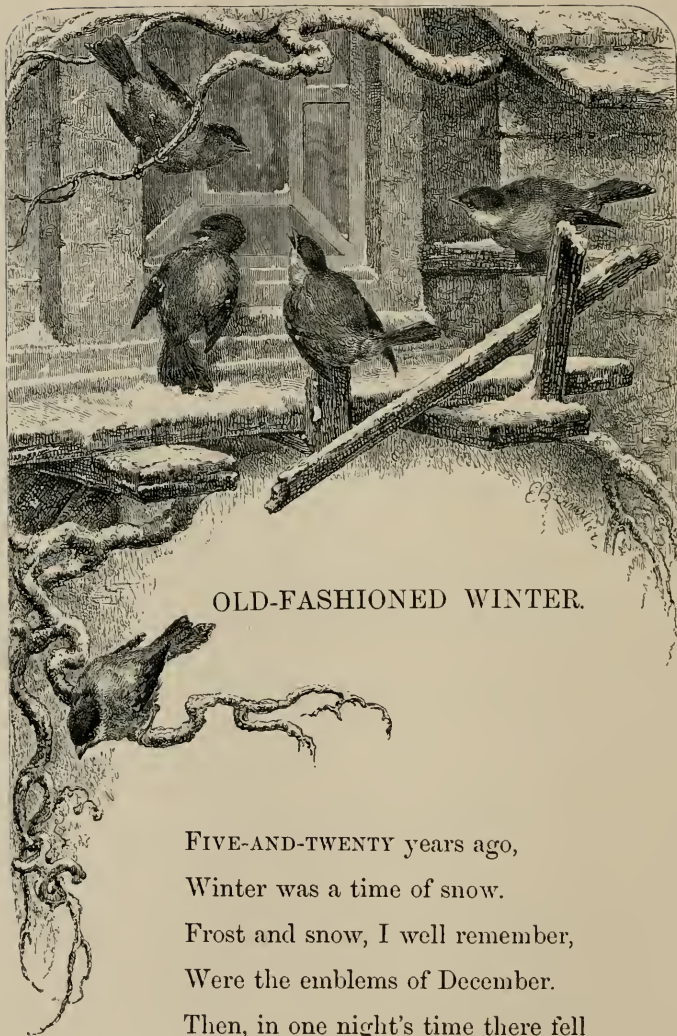
Where the shepherd lads  
Tend their flocks in summer,  
And the piping ortolan  
Is a July comer ;

There the red Rest-harrow  
Groweth in its beauty,  
Clinging to its Mother Earth  
With obedient duty.

Man doth never tend it  
As a careful warden,  
Nor collect its podded seed  
To adorn his garden.

But by Nature's hand  
In the wilds 'tis planted,  
Like a thousand common things,  
Given where it's wanted.





OLD-FASHIONED WINTER.

FIVE-AND-TWENTY years ago,  
Winter was a time of snow.  
Frost and snow, I well remember,  
Were the emblems of December.  
Then, in one night's time there fell  
Snow which made impassable

Roads and streets, until the spade  
To every house a path had made.  
Then the drifted snows were seen,  
Fit palace for a fairy-queen,  
With vaulted roof and porticoes  
Spangled o'er with diamond snows.  
Then we heard of travellers weary,  
On the commons wide and dreary,—  
Knowing not which way to go,—  
Dying in the pathless snow.

Then the boys at snow-ball played,  
And snow-men and monsters made ;  
Or a piled-up, strong snow-wall,  
Pierced with arches wide and tall ;  
Or in orchards, all a-row,  
Scooped out cottages of snow.  
Then the ponds and streams were frozen,  
And the sliding-places chosen,  
And no word the boys could say  
But of sliding all the day.

Then on pavements you might see  
Sawdust scattered carefully,

And good people, staff in hand,  
Shod with strips of woollen band,  
Creeping o'er the icy stones,  
Having dread of broken bones.

Then the cows were in their shed ;  
And the sheep with hay were fed ;  
And the servants of the farm  
Housed up every creature warm,  
And, up-muffled, cheek and chin,  
Brought the logs for evening in ;  
And the fire, so well supplied,  
Crackled up the chimney wide ;  
And slumbrous was the hot fireside.

Then the spinning-wheel went round,  
With a dreamy, buzzing sound ;  
For the sheets and table-linen  
Were of the good housewife's spinning,—  
And the village-weaver made,  
At his loom, sufficient trade.

Then the icicles hung low .  
From the heavy roofs of snow,

Like a line of daggers strong,—  
 Some were short and some were long,—  
 Melting when the days were bright,  
 Freezing o'er again at night.

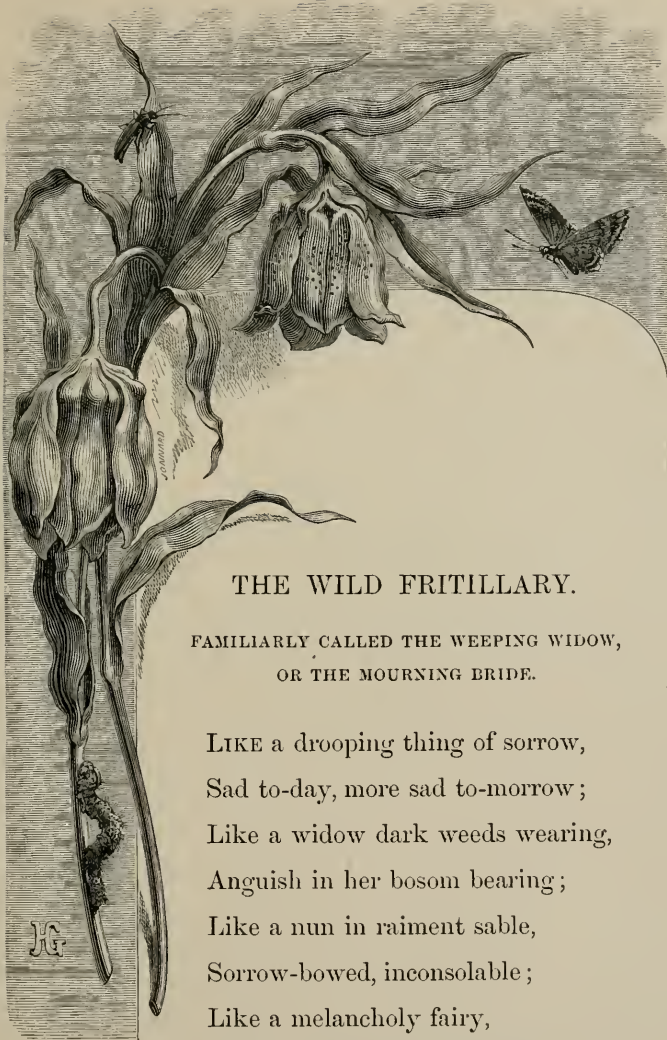


Then the chamber-windows bore  
 Fan-like leaves and branchings hoar;  
 And the water in a trice,  
 In the ewer, was solid ice.  
 Then hands were chapped and noses red;  
 And folks were even cold in bed,  
 Till their teeth chattered in their head.

Then the famished birds were tame,  
And hopping to the window came,  
Begging little crumbs of bread—  
Begging to be housed and fed ;  
And the finches in their need  
Picked the pyracantha-seed.







## THE WILD FRITILLARY.

FAMILIARLY CALLED THE WEEPING WIDOW,  
OR THE MOURNING BRIDE.

LIKE a drooping thing of sorrow,  
Sad to-day, more sad to-morrow ;  
Like a widow dark weeds wearing,  
Anguish in her bosom bearing ;  
Like a nun in raiment sable,  
Sorrow-bowed, inconsolable ;  
Like a melancholy fairy,  
Art thou, Meadow-Fritillary !

## THE WILD FRITILLARY.

Like the head of snake enchanted,  
Where whilom the life hath panted,  
All its purple chequering scaly  
Growing cold and dim and paly ;  
Like a dragon's head well-moulded,  
Scaly jaws together folded,  
Is the bud, so dusk and airy,  
Of the wild Field-Fritillary !



Like a joy my memory knoweth,  
In my native fields it groweth ;  
Like the voice of one long parted,  
Calling to the faithful-hearted ;

Like an unexpected pleasure,  
That hath neither stint nor measure ;  
Like a bountiful good fairy,—  
Do I hail thee, Fritillary !





### THE SEA.

THE Sea it is deep, the Sea it is wide ;  
And it girdeth the Earth on every side,  
On every side it girds it round  
With an undecaying, mighty bound.

When the Spirit of God came down at first,  
Ere the day from primal night had burst.

Before the mountains sprung to birth,  
The dark, deep waters veiled the earth,  
Like a youthful giant roused from sleep,  
At creation's call uprose the Deep,  
And his crested waves tossed up their spray,  
As the bonds of his ancient rest gave way ;  
And a voice went up in that stillness vast,  
As if life through a mighty heart had passed.

Oh, ancient, wide, unfathomed Sea,  
Ere the mountains were, God fashioned thee ;  
And gave in thine awful depths to dwell  
Things, like thyself, untamable—  
The dragons old, and the harpy brood,  
Were the lords of thine early solitude !

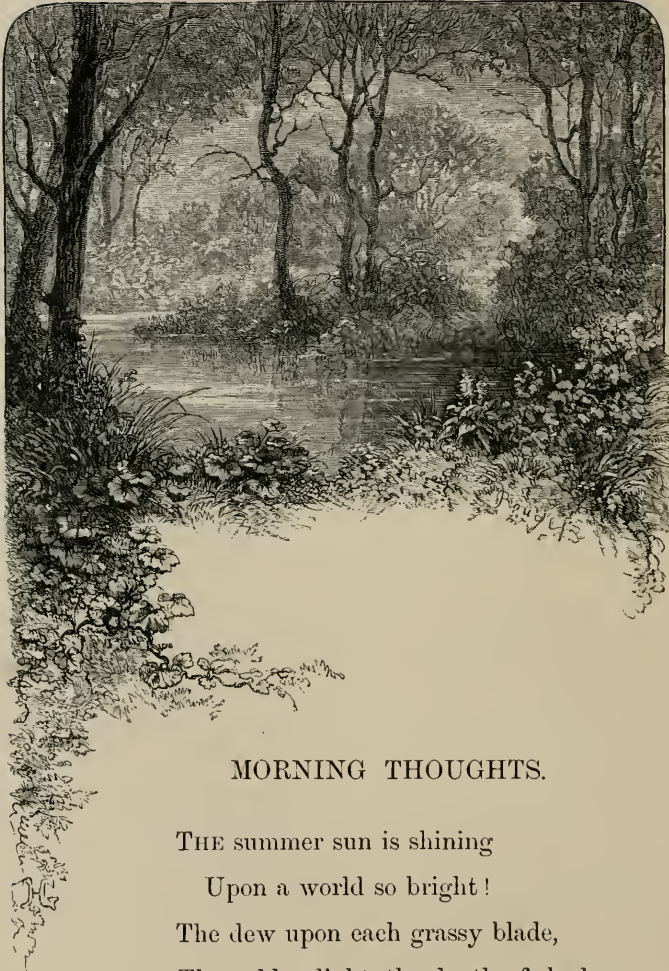
But night came down on that ancient day,  
And that mighty race was swept away ;  
And death thy fathomless depths passed through ;  
And thy waters were meted out anew ;  
And then on thy calmer breast were seen  
The verdant crests of islands green ;  
And mountains in their strength came forth,  
And trees and flowers arrayed the earth.

Then the dolphin first his gambols played,  
In his rainbow-tinted scales arrayed ;  
And down below, all fretted and frore,  
Was wrought the coral and madreporé ;  
And amongst the sea-weeds green and red,  
Like flocks of the valley the turtles fed ;  
And the sea-flowers budded and opened wide  
In the lustre of waters deepened and dyed ;  
And the little nautilus set afloat,  
On thy bounding tide, his pearly boat ;  
And the whale sprang forth in his vigorous  
play ;  
And shoals of the flying-fish leaped into day ;  
And the pearl-fish under thy world of waves  
Laid up his store in the old sea-caves.

Then man came down, and with silent awe  
The majesty of waters saw ;  
And he felt like a humbled thing of fear,  
As he stood in that Presence august, severe.  
Till he saw how the innocent creatures played  
In the billowy depths, and were not afraid ;  
Till he saw how the nautilus spread his sail,  
And caught, as it blew, the favouring gale ;

And great and small, through the watery realm,  
Were steered as it were by a veering helm ;  
Then his heart grew bold, and his will grew strong,  
And he pondered in vigilant thought not long  
Ere he fashioned a boat of a hollow tree,  
And thus became lord of the mighty Sea.





### MORNING THOUGHTS.

THE summer sun is shining  
Upon a world so bright !  
The dew upon each grassy blade,  
The golden light, the depth of shade,  
All seem as they were only made  
To minister delight.



From giant trees, strong-branchèd,  
    And all their veinèd leaves ;  
From little birds that madly sing ;  
From insects fluttering on the wing ;  
Ay, from the very meanest thing,  
    My spirit joy receives.



I think of angel-voices  
    When the birds' songs I hear ;  
Of that celestial city, bright  
With jacinth, gold, and chrysolite,  
When, with its blazing pomp of light,  
    The morning doth appear !

I think of that great River  
That from the Throne flows free ;  
Of weary pilgrims on its brink,  
Who, thirsting, have come down to drink ;  
Of that unfailing Stream I think,  
When earthly streams I see.

I think of pain and dying,  
As that which is but nought,  
When glorious morning, warm and bright,  
With all its voices of delight,  
From the chill darkness of the night,  
Like a new life, is brought.

I think of human sorrow  
But as of clouds that brood  
Upon the bosom of the day,  
And the next moment pass away ;  
And with a trusting heart I say,  
Thank God, *all things are good !*



THE  
GIRL AND THE DOVE.

MY father is served by an old  
henchman ;  
My mother by the stately Mistress  
Ann ;  
My brother by a little foot-page so  
free ;  
But this true Dove it serveth me !

The old henchman is rude and rough,  
His foot it is heavy, his speech is gruff;  
Whilst Mistress Ann cannot smile if she would,  
With her pursed-up mouth, and pinched-up hood.

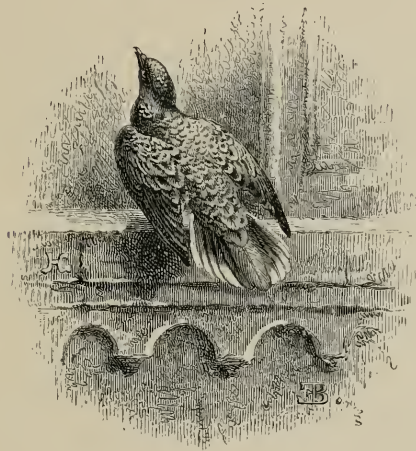
The little foot-page, he is bold and vain,  
And he needs, as much as a horse, the rein ;  
But my true Dove, it is meek and wise,  
And I read its heart in its gentle eyes.

My father's squire, the henchman old,  
He serveth him not for love, but gold ;  
And away this day from his hall would flee,  
Could he win but a nobler serving-fee.

And the Mistress Ann she would not stay  
To wait on my mother one single day,  
Although she has served her for many a year,  
Were it not for the winning her silken gear.

And that light foot-page with his swinging feather,—  
I know what keeps master and man together ;—  
The master has gold in a purse so fair,  
And he knows how to spend far better than spare.

But the Dove that was ta'en from the chestnut-tree,  
For nothing but love it serveth me  
I bade it begone on a morn in May,  
But it looked in my eyes, and begged to stay.



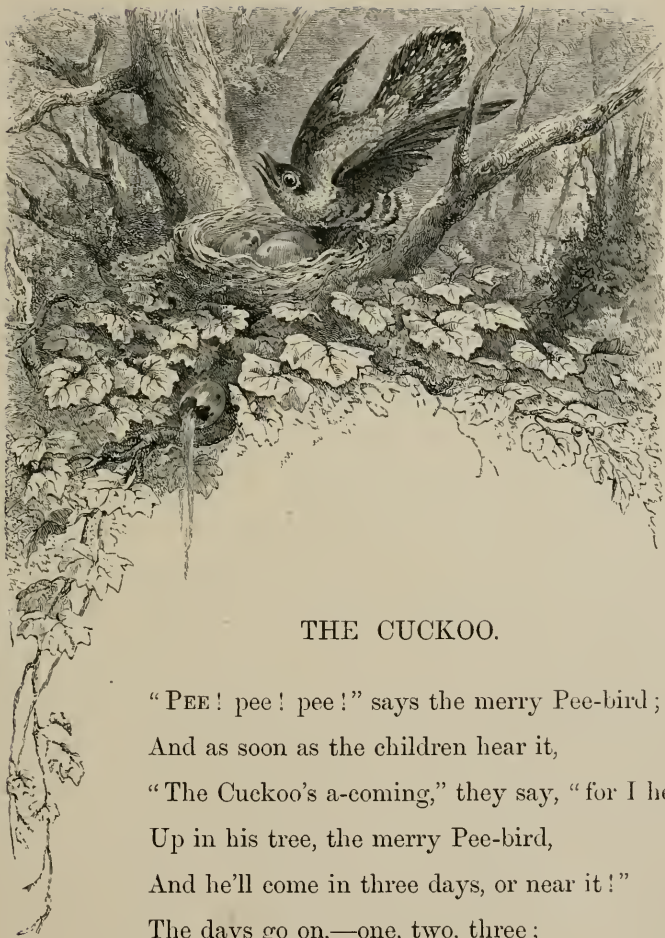
I showed it the woods so green and fair ;  
I bade it list to the breezy air,  
To the coo of the Doves, so wild and low ;  
But it clung to my hand and would not go.

Ay, then, let the little foot-page so gay  
Mimic his master as best he may ;  
Let the Mistress Ann be as grave as an owl ;  
And the henchman put on his darkest scowl.

## THE GIRL AND THE DOVE.

I love far better than all the three,  
The true little Dove that serveth me ;  
That is always merry and kind and good,  
And hath left for me its own greenwood.





### THE CUCKOO.

“PEE! pee! pee!” says the merry Pee-bird;  
And as soon as the children hear it,  
“The Cuckoo’s a-coming,” they say, “for I heard,  
Up in his tree, the merry Pee-bird,  
And he’ll come in three days, or near it!”  
The days go on,—one, two, three;  
And the little bird singeth “Pee! pee! pee!”  
Then on the morrow, ’tis very true,  
They hear the note of the old Cuckoo;

Up in the elm-tree, through the day,  
Just as last summer he shouted away ;  
    “Cuckoo,” the Cuckoo doth cry,  
    And the little boys mock him as they go by.

The woodpecker laughs to hear the strain,  
And says, “The old fellow is come back again ;  
He sitteth again on the very same tree.  
And he talks of himself again !—He ! he ! he !”  
The stock-doves together begin to coo  
When they hear the voice of the old Cuckoo ;  
“Ho ! ho !” say they ; “he did not find  
Those far-away countries quite to his mind,  
So he’s come again to see what he can do  
With sucking the little birds’ eggs, coo-coo !”  
The blackbird, and throstle, and loud missel-cock,  
They sing all together, the Cuckoo to mock :  
“What want we with him ? let him stay over sea !”  
Sings the bold, piping reed-sparrow ; “want him ?  
    not we !”  
“Cuckoo !” the Cuckoo shouts still,  
“I care not for you, let you rave as you will !”  
“Cuckoo !” the Cuckoo doth cry,  
And the little boys mock him as they go by.



“Hark! hark!” sings the chiff-chaff; “Hark! hark!” sings the  
lark;

And the white-throats and buntings all twitter “Hark! hark!”

The wren and the hedge-sparrow hear it anon,

And “Hark! hark!” in a moment shouts every one.

“Hark! hark!—that’s the Cuckoo there, shouting amain!

Bless our lives! why that egg-sucker’s come back again!”

“Cuckoo!” the Cuckoo shouts still!

“I shall taste of your eggs, let you rave as you will!”

“Cuckoo!” the Cuckoo doth cry,

And the little boys mock him as they go by.

The water-hens hear it, the rail, and the smew,

And they say, “Why, on land there’s a pretty ado!

Sure the Cuckoo’s come back, what else can be the matter?”

The pyes and the jays are all making a chatter!”

“Hark! hark!” says the woodcock, “I hear him myself,

Shouting up in the elm-tree, the comical elf!”

“Hark! hark!” cries the widgeon, “and I hear him too,

Shouting loudly as ever, that self-same Cuckoo!”

“Let him shout!” says the wild duck, “what is it to us?

I’ve no spite ’gainst the Cuckoo; why make such a fuss?

Let him shout as he listeth—he comes over sea—

And his French may be French, ’tis no matter to me;

I have no spite against him, my soul's not so narrow,  
I leave all such whims to the tomtit and sparrow !”

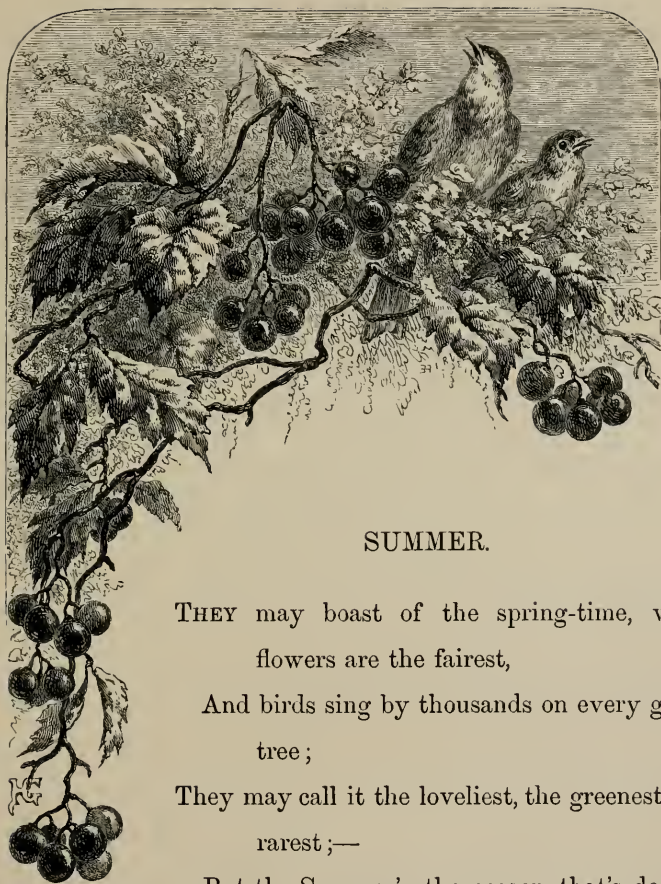
“Cuckoo !” the Cuckoo shouts still,

“You may all hold your peace, I shall do as I will !”

“Cuckoo !” the Cuckoo doth cry,

And the little boys mock him as they go by.





### SUMMER.

THEY may boast of the spring-time, when  
flowers are the fairest,  
And birds sing by thousands on every green  
tree ;  
They may call it the loveliest, the greenest, the  
rarest ;—  
But the Summer's the season that's dearest  
to me !

The brightness of sunshine ; the depth of the shadows ;  
The crystal of waters ; the fulness of green,

And the rich flowery growth of the old pasture meadows,  
 In the glory of Summer can only be seen.



Oh, the joy of the greenwood ! I love to be in it,  
 And list to the hum of the never-still bees,  
 And to hear the sweet voice of the old mother linnet,  
 Calling unto her young 'mong the leaves of the trees !

To see the red squirrel frisk hither and thither,  
 And the water-rat plunging about in his mirth ;  
 And the thousand small lives that the warm Summer  
 weather  
 Calls forth to rejoice on the bountiful earth !

Then the mountains, how fair ! to the blue vault of  
 heaven  
 Towering up in the sunshine, and drinking the light,

While adown their deep chasms, all splintered and riven,  
Fall the far-gleaming cataracts, silvery white !



And where are the flowers that in beauty are glowing  
In the garden and fields of the young merry spring,  
Like the mountain-side wilds of the yellow broom blowing,  
And the old forest pride, the red wastes of the ling ?

And the garden, no longer 'tis leafless and chilly,  
But warm with the sunshine, and bright with the sheen  
Of rich flowers, the moss-rose and the bright tiger-lily,  
Barbaric in pomp as an Ethiop queen.

The beautiful flowers, all colours combining,—

The larkspur, the pink, and the sweet mignonette,  
And the blue fleur-de-lis, in the warm sunlight shining,  
As if grains of gold in its petals were set !

Yes, the Summer, the radiant Summer's the fairest,

For greenwoods and mountains, for meadows and bowers,  
For waters, and fruits, and for flowers the rarest,  
And for bright shining butterflies, lovely as flowers !





### THE BROOM-FLOWER.

OH! the Broom, the yellow Broom,  
The ancient poet sung it;  
And sweet it is on summer days  
To lie at rest among it.

I know the realms where people say  
The flowers have not their fellow;  
I know where they shine out like suns,  
The crimson and the yellow.

I know where ladies live enchained  
In luxury's silken fetters,  
And flowers, as bright as glittering gems,  
Are used for written letters.

But ne'er was flower so fair as this  
In modern days or olden ;  
It groweth on its nodding stem  
Like to a garland golden.

And all about my mother's door  
Shine out its glittering bushes,  
And down the glen, where clear as light  
The mountain-water gushes.

Take all the rest, but leave me this,  
And the bird that nestles in it ;—  
I love it, for it loves the Broom,—  
The green and yellow linnet.

Well, call the rose the queen of flowers,  
And boast of that of Sharon ;  
Of lilies like to marble cups,  
And the golden rod of Aaron ;



I care not how these flowers may be  
Beloved of man and woman ;  
The Broom it is the flower for me,  
That groweth on the common.

Oh ! the Broom, the yellow Broom,  
The ancient poet sung it ;  
And sweet it is on summer days  
To lie at rest among it !





THE  
TITMOUSE, OR BLUE-CAP.

THE merry Titmouse is a comical fellow ;  
He weareth a plumage of purple and  
yellow,  
Barred over with black, and with white inter-  
laced ;—  
Depend on't, the Titmouse has excellent  
taste.

And he, like his betters of noble old blood,  
Keeps up, with great spirit, a family feud ;  
A feud with the owl ;—and why ? would you know ?  
'Tis an old by-gone quarrel of ages ago ;—

Perhaps in the Ark might be taken offence—  
But I know not, indeed, of the where and the whence ;—  
Only this is quite true,—let them meet as they may,  
Having quarrelled long since, they would quarrel to-day.

But we'll leave them to settle this ancient affair,  
And now look at his nest, made with exquisite care,  
Of lichen, and moss, and the soft downy feather,—  
And the web of the spider to keep it together.

Is a brick out of place by your window ?—don't send  
For the man with the trowel the fracture to mend :  
Through the dry months of summer just leave it alone,  
For the poor little Titmouse has made it his own.

Peep in now, and look at that wonderful labour ;  
And be glad to have near you so merry a neighbour ;  
His work unto him is no trouble ;—behold  
For one moment his motions, so tricky and bold.

How he twists, how he turns, with a harlequin grace !  
He can't lift a feather without a grimace ;  
He carries the moss in his bill with an air ;  
And he laughs at the spider he robs of his lair.

' See his round, burly head, that is like a Friar Tuck ;  
And his glancing black eye, that is worthy of Puck ;  
Saw you ever a merrier creature than he ?  
Oh no !—make him welcome, as welcome can be.

His nest now is finished with fine cobweb thread,  
And the eggs are laid in it—white, speckled with red ;  
Just knock at the wall, or tap loud on the pane,—  
Hark ! what is that tapping so briskly again ?

'Tis the blithe mother-bird, all alive and alert ;  
As her mate, every whit, is she comic and pert ;  
Tap you once—she taps twice ;—she has nothing to do  
But to keep her eggs warm, and be neighbourly too !

Did you say that the Titmouse was given to stealing,  
That he ate your pear-buds while he shammed to be reeling ;  
And nipped off the apricot-bloom in his fun—  
And that shortly you'll end his career with a gun ?

Oh ! hold back your hand—'twere a deed to repent ;  
Of your blame the poor fellow is quite innocent.  
Stand back for one moment—anon he'll be here,  
He believes you his friend, and he thinks not of fear.

Here he comes !—See how drolly he looketh askew ;—  
And now hangs head downward : now glances on you !

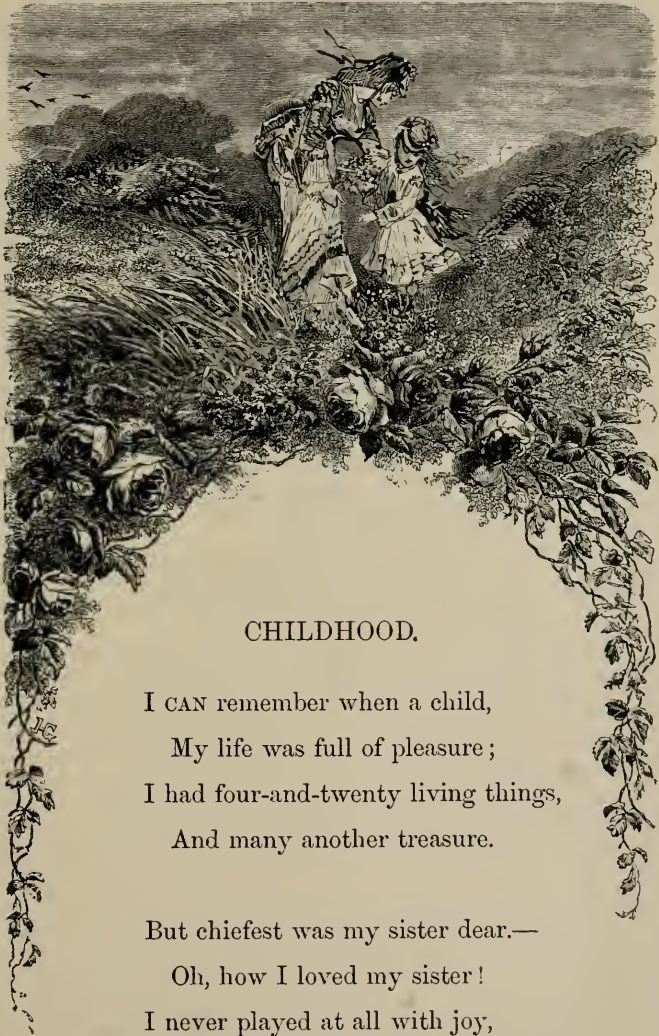


Be not rash, though he light on your apricot-bough—  
Though he touches a bud—there, he touches it now !

He has got what he wanted, and off he has flown !—  
Now look at the apricot-bud—is it gone ?  
Not the apricot-bud—but the grub that was in it !—  
You may thank him—he does you a service each minute.

Then love the poor Titmouse, and welcome him too,—  
Great beauty is there in his yellow and blue.  
He's a fine cheerful fellow, so let him be free  
Of your garden—to build in your wall or your tree !





### CHILDHOOD.

I CAN remember when a child,  
My life was full of pleasure ;  
I had four-and-twenty living things,  
And many another treasure.

But chiefest was my sister dear.—  
Oh, how I loved my sister !  
I never played at all with joy,  
If from my side I missed her.

I can remember many a time,  
Up in the morning early—  
Up in the morn by break of day,  
When summer dews hung pearly ;

Out in the fields, what joy it was,  
While the cowslip yet was bending,  
To see the large round moon grow dim,  
And the early lark ascending !

I can remember, too, we rose  
When the winter stars shone brightly ;  
'Twas an easy thing to shake off sleep  
From spirits strong and sprightly.

How beautiful were those winter skies,  
All frosty-bright and unclouded,  
And the garden trees, like cypresses,  
Looked black, in the darkness shrouded !

Then the deep, deep snows were beautiful,  
That fell through the long night stilly,  
When behold, at morn, like a silent plain  
Lay the country wild and hilly !



And the fir-trees down by the garden side,  
In their blackness towered more stately :  
And the lower trees were feathered with snow,  
That were bare and brown so lately.

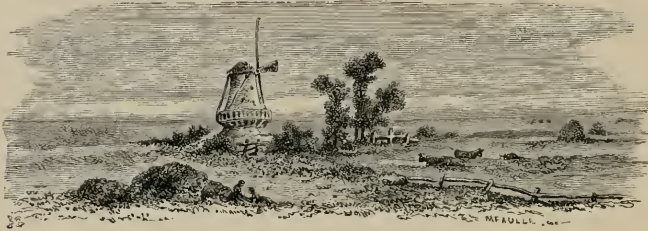
And then, when the rare hoar-frost would come,  
'Twas like a dream of wonder ;  
Above us grew the crystal trees,  
And the crystal plants grew under !

The garden was an enchanted land ;  
All silent and without motion,  
Like a sudden growth of the stalactite,  
Or the corallines of ocean !

'Twas all like a fairy forest then,  
Where the diamond trees were growing,  
And within each branch the emerald green  
And the ruby red were glowing.

I remember many a day we spent  
In the bright hay-harvest meadow ;

The glimmering heat of the noonday ground,  
 And the hazy depth of shadow.



I can remember, as to-day,  
 The corn-field and the reaping,  
 The rustling of the harvest-sheaves,  
 And the harvest-wains upheaping ;

I can feel, this hour, as if I lay  
 Adown 'neath the hazel bushes,  
 And as if we wove, for pastime wild,  
 Our grenadier-caps of rushes.

And every flower within that field  
 To my memory's eye comes flitting,—  
 The chiccory-flower, like a blue cockade,  
 For a fairy knight befitting.

The willow-herb by the water-side,  
    With its fruit-like scent so mellow ;  
The gentian blue on the marly hill,  
    And the snap-dragon white and yellow.

I know where the hawthorn groweth red ;  
    Where pink grows the wayside yarrow ;  
I remember the wastes of wood and broom,  
    And the shrubs of the red rest-harrow.

I know where the blue geranium blows,  
    And the stork's-bill small and musky ;  
Where the rich osmunda groweth brown,  
    And the wormwood white and dusky.

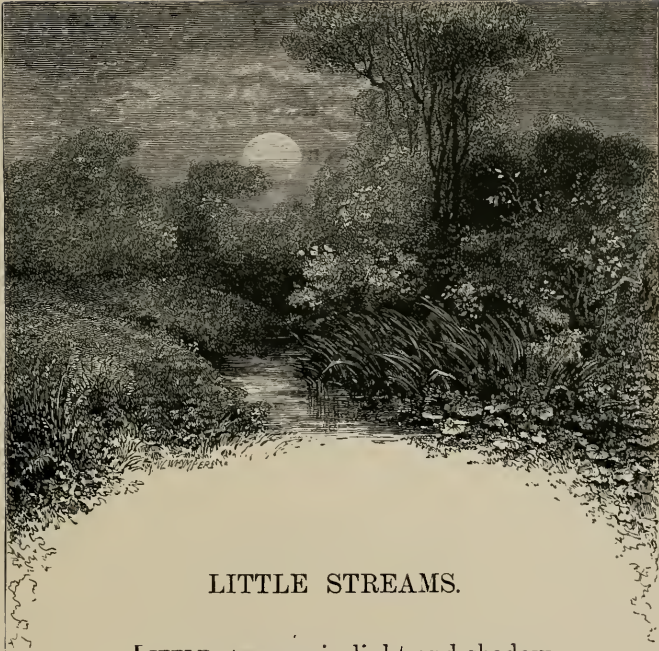
There was a forest a-nigh our home—  
    A forest old and hoary—  
We loved in its sylvan wilds to roam,  
    And remember its by-gone story.

We sat in the shade of its mighty trees,  
    When the summer noon was glowing,  
And heard in the depths of its undergrowth  
    The pebbly waters flowing.

We quenched our thirst at the forest-well ;  
    We ate of the forest berry ;  
And the time we spent in the good greenwood,  
    Like the times of song, were merry. .

We had no crosses then, no cares ;  
    We were children like yourselves then ;  
And we danced and sang, and made us mirth,  
    Like the dancing moonlight elves then !





### LITTLE STREAMS.

LITTLE streams, in light and shadow,  
Flowing through the pasture meadow ;  
Flowing by the green wayside ;  
Through the forest dim and wide ;  
Through the hamlet still and small ;  
By the cottage ; by the hall ;  
By the ruined abbey still ;  
Turning here and there a mill ;  
Bearing tribute to the river ;—  
Little streams, I love you ever !

## LITTLE STREAMS.

Summer music is their flowing ;  
Flowering plants in them are growing ;  
Happy life is in them all,  
Creatures innocent and small ;  
Little birds come down to drink  
Fearless on their leafy brink ,  
Noble trees beside them grow,  
Glooming them with branches low ;  
And between, the sunshine, glancing,  
In their little waves is dancing.



Little streams have flowers a many,  
Beautiful and fair as any ;

Typha strong, and green bur-reed ;  
Willow-herb with cotton-seed ;  
Arrow-head with eye of jet ;  
And the water-violet ;  
There the flowering rush you meet ;  
And the plummy meadow-sweet ;  
And in places deep and stilly,  
Marble-like, the water-lily.

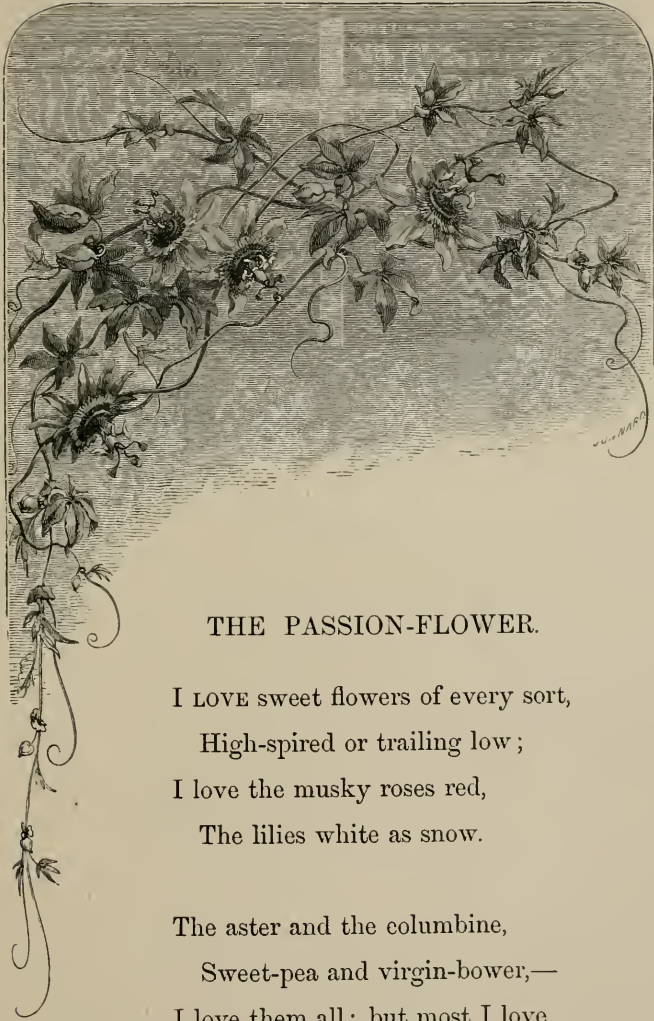
Little streams—their voices cheery  
Sound forth welcomes to the weary ;  
Flowing on from day to day  
Without stint and without stay.  
Here, upon their flowery bank,  
In the old times, pilgrims drank ;  
Here have seen, as now, pass by  
Kingfisher and dragon-fly,—  
Those bright things that have their dwelling  
Where the little streams are welling.

Down in valleys green and lowly,  
Murmuring not, and gliding slowly ;  
Up in mountain hollows wild,  
Fretting like a peevish child ;

Through the hamlet, where all day  
In their waves the children play,—  
Running west, or running east,  
Doing good to man and beast ;  
Always giving, weary never,—  
Little streams, I love you ever !







### THE PASSION-FLOWER.

I LOVE sweet flowers of every sort,  
High-spiced or trailing low ;  
I love the musky roses red,  
The lilies white as snow.

The aster and the columbine,  
Sweet-pea and virgin-bower,—  
I love them all ; but most I love  
The good old Passion-flower !

Yes, yes, the good old Passion-flower !  
It bringeth to my mind  
The young days of the Christian Church,  
Long ages left behind.

I see the bloody streets of Rome !  
The throng—the burning pyre ;  
And Christians stand with clasped hands  
Amid the raging fire.

I hear the women, angel-toned,  
The men with courage high,  
Preach their dear Lord amid their pangs,—  
Forgive their foes—and die.

I see, far from the world apart,  
In desert places dwell,  
The early Fathers of the Church,  
In wood or mountain cell.

And there the wandering thousands come,  
By love and pity brought,  
To hear them tell of Jesus Christ,  
And the new truths He taught.

I see the fearless Fathers stand  
Amid the eager throng,  
Preaching, like Paul at Ephesus,  
In burning words and strong.

—Again, I see a lonely man,  
Of spirit sad and mild,  
Who hath his little dwelling-place  
Amid a region wild.

The wild flowers of the desert  
Grow round him thick as weeds,  
And, in their beautiful array,  
Of holy things he reads.

The red is the dear blood of Christ ;  
The white, the pure from sin ;  
The yellow is the seamless robe  
Christ was appalled in.

All four-leaved flowers bring to his mind  
The cross whereon He died ;  
And every thorn, the cruel spear  
That pierced His blessed side.

I see him as he mused one day  
    Beneath a forest-bower,  
With clasped hands stand, and upturned eyes,  
    Before an open flower ;  
Exclaiming with a fervent joy,  
    “ I have found the Passion-flower !

“ The Passion of our blessed Lord,  
    With all His pangs and pain,  
Set forth within a little flower,  
    In shape and colour plain !

“ Behold the ladder, and the cord  
    With which His limbs were tied ;  
Behold His five deep cruel wounds  
    In hands, and feet, and side !

“ Behold the hammer and the nails ;  
    The bloody crown of thorn ;  
And these His precious tears, when left  
    Of God and man forlorn !

“ Up ! I will forth into the world,  
    And take this flower with me,

To preach the death of Christ to all,  
As it has preached to me !”

And thus the good old Passion-flower  
Throughout the world was sent,  
To breathe into all Christian hearts  
Its holy sentiment.

And in the after-times, when kings  
Of Christian fathers came ;  
And to profess the faith of Christ  
No longer purchased shame :

When abbeys rose in towered state ;  
And over wood and dell  
Went sounding, with a royal voice,  
The stately minster-bell :

Then was the abbey garden made,  
All with the nicest care ;  
Its little borders quaintly cut  
In fancies rich and rare.

And there they brought all curious plants,  
With sainted names, a flower

For every saint's day of the year,—  
For every holy hour ;  
And above all, in pride of place,  
The noble Passion-flower.

And there they kept—the pious monks—  
Within a garden small,  
Each plant which had a healing power,  
Each herb medicinal.

And thither came the sick, the maimed,  
The moonstruck, and the blind,  
For holy flower, for wort of power,  
For healing root and rind !

O those old abbey gardens,  
With their devices rich,  
Their fountains, and green, solemn walks ;  
Their saints in many a niche !

I would I could call back again  
Those gardens in their pride,  
And, slowly walking up and down,  
The abbot dignified.

And the fat monk with sleepy eyes,  
Half dozing in his cell ;  
And him, the poor lay brother,  
Who loved the flowers so well ;

Who laid the abbey gardens out,  
With all their fancies quaint,  
And loved a little flower as much  
As his own patron saint !



Who gardened late and early,  
And twined into a bower,  
Wherein he set the crucifix,  
The good old Passion-flower !

I would I could bring back again  
Those abbey gardens old,  
And see the poor lay brother  
So busy in the mould ;

Tying up his flowers, and thinking  
The while, with streaming eyes,  
Of Jesus in the Garden,  
Of Eve in Paradise !

—Alas ! the abbey lieth low ;  
The abbot's tomb is bare ;  
And he, the abbey gardener,  
Is all forgotten there.

His garden is a pasture field  
Wherein the flocks repose ;  
And where his choicest flowers were set,  
The common clover grows !

But still we have the Passion-flower,  
Although he lieth low,  
And ever may its holy flowers  
In pleasant gardens grow !



To garland bower and window-pane,  
And ever bring to mind  
The young days of the Christian Church,  
Long ages left behind!

To bring the abbey's garden back,  
With its quaint beds and bowers,  
And him, the good lay brother,  
Who worked among the flowers.





THE CHILD AND THE FLOWERS.

PUT by thy work, dear mother ;  
Dear mother, come with me,  
For I've found, within the garden,  
The beautiful sweet-pea !

And rows of stately hollyhocks  
Down by the garden-wall,  
All yellow, white, and crimson,  
So many-hued and tall !

And, bending on their stalks, mother,  
Are roses white and red ;

And pale-stemmed balsams all a-blow  
On every garden-bed.

Put by thy work, I pray thee,  
And come out, mother dear !  
We used to buy these flowers,  
But they are growing here !



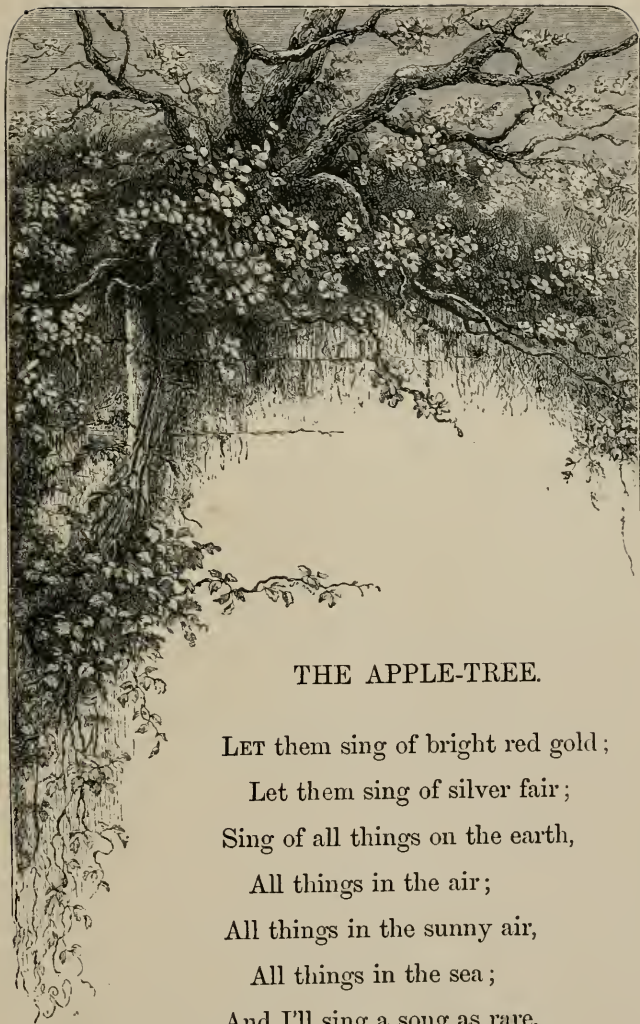
O mother ! little Amy  
Would have loved these flowers to see ;—  
Dost remember how we tried to get  
For her a pink sweet-pea ?  
Dost remember how she loved  
Those rose-leaves pale and sere ?

## THE CHILD AND THE FLOWERS.

I wish she had but lived to see  
The lovely roses here !

Put by thy work, dear mother !  
And wipe those tears away ;  
And come into the garden  
Before 'tis set of day !





### THE APPLE-TREE.

LET them sing of bright red gold ;  
Let them sing of silver fair ;  
Sing of all things on the earth,  
All things in the air ;  
All things in the sunny air,  
All things in the sea ;  
And I'll sing a song as rare,  
Of the Apple-tree !

## THE APPLE-TREE.

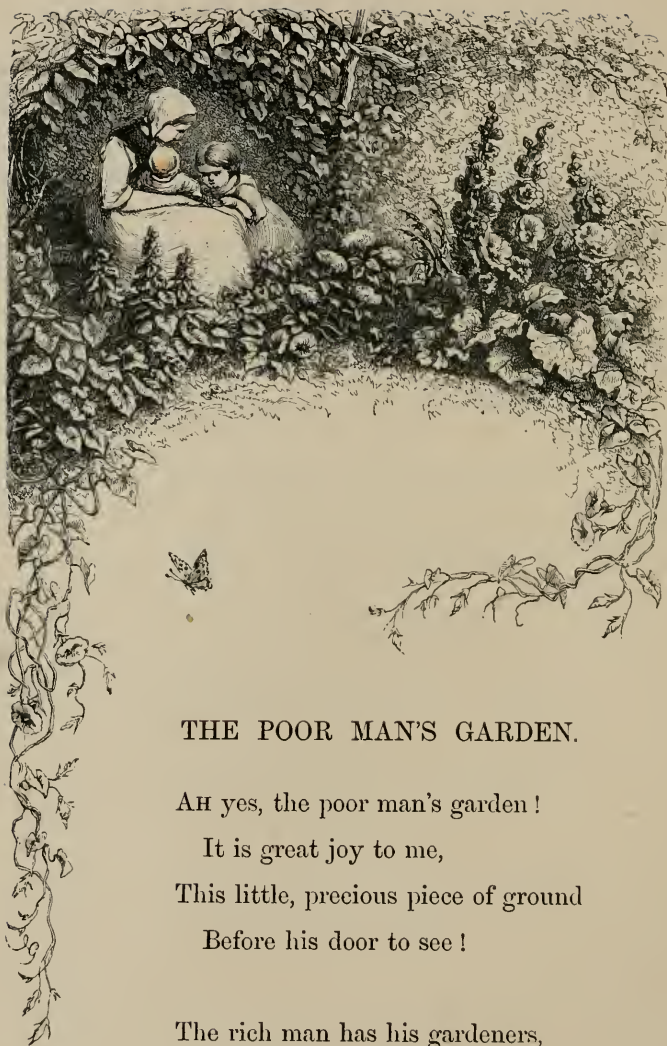
Learned men have learned books,  
Which they ponder day and night ;  
Easier leaves than theirs I read,—  
Blossoms pink and white ;  
Blossom leaves all pink and white ;  
Wherein I can see  
Charactered, as clear as light,  
Every Apple-tree.

Autumn comes, and our good man,  
Soon as harvest toil is o'er,  
Speculates on apple crops—  
Be they less or more.  
I could tell him ; less or more  
Is well known to me ;  
I have eyes that see the core  
Of the Apple-tree.

Winter comes, as winter will,  
Bringing dark days, frost, and rime ;  
But the Apple is in vogue  
At the Christmas-time ;

At the merry Christmas-time  
Folks are full of glee ;  
Then they bring out Apples prime,  
Of the primest tree ;  
Then you the roast Apple see,  
While they toast the Apple-tree,  
Singing rhyme in jolly chime  
To the brave old Apple-tree !





### THE POOR MAN'S GARDEN.

AH yes, the poor man's garden !

It is great joy to me,  
This little, precious piece of ground  
Before his door to see !

The rich man has his gardeners,  
His gardeners young and old ;



He never takes a spade in hand,  
Nor worketh in the mould.

It is not with the poor man so,—  
Wealth, servants, he has none ;



And all the work that's done for him  
Must by himself be done.

All day upon some weary task  
He toileth with good will ;  
And back he comes, at set of sun,  
His garden-plot to till.

The rich man through his garden goes,  
And 'neath his garden trees ;  
Wrapped in a dream of other things,  
He seems to take his ease.

One moment he beholds his flowers,  
The next they are forgot ;  
He eateth of his rarest fruits  
As though he ate them not.

It is not with the poor man so ;—  
He knows each inch of ground,  
And every single plant and flower  
That grows within its bound.

He knows where grow his wall-flowers,  
And when they will be out ;  
His moss-rose, and convolvulus  
That twines his pales about.

He knows his red sweet-williams ;  
And the stocks that cost him dear,—  
That well-set row of crimson stocks,—  
For he bought the seed last year.

And though unto the rich man  
The cost of flowers is nought,  
A sixpence to a poor man  
Is toil, and care, and thought.

And here is his potato-bed,  
All well-grown, strong, and green ;  
How could a rich man's heart leap up  
At anything so mean !

But he, the poor man, sees his crop,  
And a thankful man is he,  
For he thinks all through the winter  
How rich his board will be !

And how his merry little ones  
Beside the fire will stand,  
Each with a large potato  
In a round and rosy hand.

The rich man has his wall-fruits,  
And his delicious vines ;  
His fruit for every season ;  
His melons and his pines.

The poor man has his gooseberries ;  
His currants white and red ;  
His apple and his damson tree,  
And a little strawberry-bed.

A happy man he thinks himself,  
A man that's passing well,—  
To have some fruit for the children,  
And some besides to sell.

Around the rich man's trellised bower  
Gay costly creepers run ;  
The poor man has his scarlet-beans  
To screen him from the sun.

And there, before the little bench,  
O'ershadowed by the bower,  
Grow southern-wood and lemon-thyme,  
Sweet-pea and gilliflower ;

And pink and clove-carnations,  
Rich-scented, side by side ;  
And at each end a hollyhock,  
With an edge of London-pride.

And here the good old grandmother comes,  
    When her day's work is done ;  
And here they bring the sickly babe  
    To cheer it in the sun.

And here, on Sabbath mornings,  
    The good-man comes to get  
His Sunday nosegay,—moss-rose bud,  
    White pink, and mignonette.

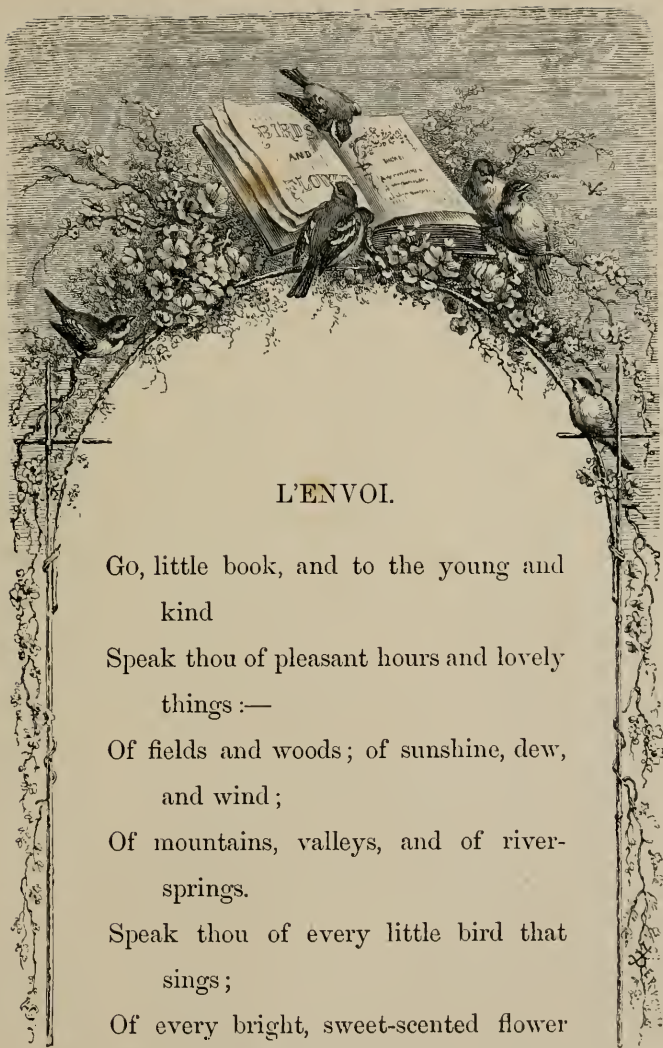
And here, on Sabbath evenings,  
    Until the stars are out,  
With a little one in either hand,  
    He walketh all about.

For though his garden plot is small,  
    Him doth it satisfy,  
And every inch within its bound  
    Comes underneath his eye.

It is not with the rich man thus ;  
    For though his grounds are wide,  
He looks beyond, and yet beyond,  
    With soul unsatisfied.

Yes! in the poor man's garden grow  
Far more than herbs and flowers;—  
Kind thoughts, contentment, peace of mind,  
And joy for weary hours.





L'ENVOI.

Go, little book, and to the young and  
kind

Speak thou of pleasant hours and lovely  
things :—

Of fields and woods ; of sunshine, dew,  
and wind ;

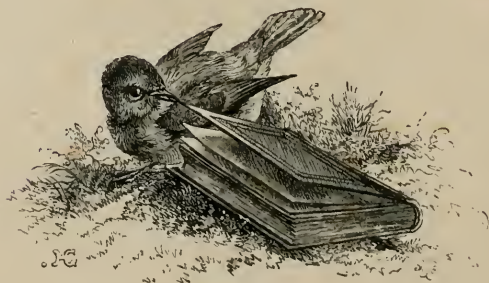
Of mountains, valleys, and of river-  
springs.

Speak thou of every little bird that  
sings ;

Of every bright, sweet-scented flower  
that blows ;

But chiefest speak of Him whose mercy flings  
Beauty and love abroad, and who bestows  
Light to the sun alike, with odour to the rose.

My little book, thou hast been unto me  
Even as a flower reared in a pleasant place,  
This is the task that I impose on thee :—  
Go forth ; with serious style or playful grace,  
Winning young gentle hearts ; and bid them trace  
With thee, the Spirit of Love through earth and air,  
Which holdeth all things in a vast embrace.  
So, do thy gracious work ; and onward fare,  
Leaving, like angel-guest, a blessing everywhere !





## N O T E S .

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PAGE 16.—The swallow is a migratory bird, or bird of passage—visiting England in the spring, and leaving it in October for warmer regions.

PAGE 17.—*Moorish minaret*.—The spires, or pinnacles, of the Moorish mosques are so called.

PAGE 18.—*Herrnhuter*.—The Dutch boer, or farmer, of the Cape Colony.

PAGE 22.—*Stellaria*.—This is the common chickweed.

PAGE 35.—Oberon is the King of the Fairies.—See Shakspeare's *Midsummer-Night's Dream* :—

“ The king doth keep his revels here to-night.”

PAGE 57.—*Shocks*; that is, the piled-up sheaves of corn. They are called *stooks* in Scotland.

PAGE 61.—Mount Lebanon has always been celebrated for its cedars; but the forest which once covered its summit is now reduced to a scanty group of about four hundred trees. These stand quite alone in a depression of the mountain, about 6400 feet above the sea, and 3000 feet below the summit. About eleven or twelve are very large and old, and may have been saplings in the days of Solomon's glory; twenty-five are large; fifty of middle size; and more than three hundred are younger and smaller ones.

PAGE 65.—The harebell (*Campanula rotundifolia*) must not be confounded, as it often is, with the blue-bell (or wild hyacinth, *Scilla nutans*). The one is the child of Spring, the other of Autumn.

PAGE 67.—*Crusader*.—The knight who took up the Cross,—that is, who made a vow to assist in delivering Jerusalem from the tyranny of the Saracens,—was called a Crusader.

PAGE 78.—*Eider-down*. The down, or soft white feathers, of the eider-duck.

PAGE 80.—Our forefathers associated many curious superstitions with the mandrake, originating, perhaps, in its singular form. They thought that it gave a cry when its roots were torn from the ground, and that its juice was useful as an opiate; that is, to deaden pain and induce sleep. It is now known to possess an intoxicating property. The root of the mandrake is spindle-shaped, and often divided into two or three forks; the leaves are long, sharp-pointed, hairy, and of a dark-green colour.

PAGES 95, 96.—*Gilliflowers*: a kind of pink. *Hart's-tongue*: a favourite species of fern.

PAGE 106.—*Mavis*: that is, the thrush. *Merle*: the blackbird.

PAGE 111.—*Osmunda*: a very beautiful genus of ferns.

PAGE 126.—The tailor-bird belongs to South Africa. It is remarkable for the ingenuity with which it constructs its nest. With its long and slender bill it sews together a couple of leaves, until they resemble a pouch in shape, and at the bottom it lays the daintiest moss it can collect for a couch.

PAGE 133.—*Una* is the spotless heroine of Spenser's poem of *The Faery Queen*. The line, "shining out in a shady place," reminds us of the poet's,—

" Making a sunshine in a shady place."

PAGE 135.—*Recalling some old Grecian tale*.—The Greek poets pretended that when Adonis, a beautiful youth beloved by Venus, was killed by a wild boar, his blood fell on a flower, and changed its hue. This flower is called in Greek *hyacinthos* (*ἵακινθος*), but it could not have been identical with our English flower so named.

PAGE 138.—*Yarrow*; that is, stubble.—*Ortolan*: a foreign bird, anciently much esteemed for its delicacy of flesh. It is said to feed on figs.

PAGE 153.—*That celestial city, bright*.—The New Jerusalem, of which we read in Revelation xxi. 19, 20: "The foundations of the wall of the city were

garnished with all manner of precious stones. The first foundation was jasper ; the second, sapphire ; the third, a chalcedony ; the fourth, an emerald ; the fifth, sardonyx ; the sixth, sardius ; the seventh, chrysolyte ; the eighth, beryl ; the ninth, a topaz ; the tenth, a chrysoprasus ; the eleventh, a jacinth ; the twelfth, an amethyst."

PAGE 160.—*Missel-cock* ; that is, the missel-thrush.

PAGE 172.—Friar Tuck is one of the heroes of the Robin Hood ballads. He was a jovial, portly monk, who accompanied the outlaws in all their wild adventures. — "Puck" is the mischievous fairy of the *Midsummer-Night's Dream* ; he is sometimes called Robin Goodfellow.

PAGE 177.—*Stalactite*.—When water oozes slowly through a bed or stratum of limestone, it becomes charged or loaded with carbonate of lime, so that it hardens into a kind of incrustation, like an icicle. This continues to increase in size, as the water deposits upon it drop by drop, and the result is, the formation of those beautiful natural ornaments of all varieties of shape which embellish the roofs of many of our natural grottoes and caverns.

PAGE 187.—*Like Paul at Ephesus*.—See Acts xix. 8.

PAGE 188.—Need we tell our young readers that "the Passion" means "the Suffering" (Latin, *passio*) of our Lord.

PAGE 190.—*Wort of power*.—There are several herbs known by this general appellation, as star-wort, cole-wort, and the like. The old monks were persevering students of the properties of flowers, and we are indebted to them for the discovery of many very valuable medicines.

PAGE 204.—*Southern-wood* (*Artemisia abrotanum*) is known by many popular names,—as, for instance, "Boy's love" and "Old man." Gilliflowers, pinks, and cloves, or clove carnations, all belong to a very numerous tribe of flowers, the Dianthacæ, or Pinks.





